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ASTROLOGOS.—If you mean by "planetary motions" what are commonly called *oracles*, they are *oracles*, we believe, only to order; there being little or no demand for them. Any first-rate astronomical instrument maker would make one; but, if perfect in its functions, it is a very complicated and expensive piece of mechanism.

## THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

## THE LITERARY WORLD:

## ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The subject of examinations seems now to have subsided for a time, excepting so far as regards the examination for the calls to the bar. In our last impression we made some remarks about the nature of that examination and the recondite quality of the knowledge required of the examiners; but that part of the question has now branched off into another upon the desirability of making the examination for the bar compulsory instead of optional. As the rules at present stand, a student is entitled to be called either after passing an examination or after attending a certain number of lectures. What benefit he may have derived from those lectures, or whether he has derived any, is apparently a question of indifference. The consequence is, that many men gain admittance to the bar without any fair test of their acquirements, and indeed without the capacity to stand any. It has been argued that the public is injured by this practice of admitting men to the bar incompetent to conduct business. In answer to this it is urged, that inasmuch as the litigant public chooses its own counsel, either of its own motion or that of sharp and scrutinising solicitors, an ignorant barrister is very soon found out, and has no chance of getting into business. To this it is replied, with great justice, that that argument might be conclusive, if the power of holding briefs were the only advantage which accrued from a call to the bar; but, seeing that a seven years' standing at the bar is made the condition of a great variety of public appointments, and that those appointments are bestowed rather through interest than by merit, it would be desirable to close the profession against all who have not proved their competency to fulfil its duties. These are the heads of a dispute which is being waged with considerable ability on both sides. The question is one to be discussed rather by our legal contemporaries than by a journal set apart for literary topics; we notice it simply as the newest phase of the examination question.

The other day a letter appeared in the columns of the *Times* newspaper, which can hardly have failed to attract the attention of most of our readers; for the benefit, however, of those who did not see it, and also because it is a curiosity which deserves preservation, we take the liberty of reprinting it here:—

## SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—Seeing some weeks ago an advertisement announcing a vacant mastership in the — grammar-school, and setting forth at some length the advantages thereof, with an intimation that it was particularly desired that no personal application be made to the trustees, I was induced to offer myself as a candidate, thinking that fair play would be shown, and that A's qualifications would be honestly weighed against B's, and not against the so-called claims of personal acquaintance and private influence. In course of time I, among others, received a notice from the secretary, stating that "the trustees, after due deliberation, have come to the determination to reject your application." There is no bitter without its accompanying sweet; so the trustees wrapped up with this pill the following bit of "candy":—"It may be some consolation to you to know that of 57 candidates many were gentlemen of the highest literary attainments." (The italics are my own.) It was naturally expected, after this flourish of trumpets, some "stunning man" would be exhibited to the scared applicants, now repenting of their presumption in offering themselves. *Favete linguis et ille, profani*, by all means. At length the *Camford* paper modestly announces the name of the fortunate man. Of the gentleman elected I wish to speak with all respect. I have not the slightest doubt that he is perfectly well qualified for his post. It is strange, however, that his name does not occur in either of the *Tripos* lists, nor is any mention made of any evidence of "the highest literary attainments" (and the *Camford* paper is generally very particular in chronicling all that can enhance an individual's importance); but it is not so strange to find that he is connected with the town of —, having been educated at the grammar-school there. Whether the trustees imagined the geographical position of their town secured them from observation it is impossible to say. Fortunately, no district of England is so sequestered but that acts of official jobbery will come to light. Shall we ever be wise enough to appoint a Minister of Public Instruction, a man of tried honour and experience, who shall take the management of schools out of the hands of incompetent administrators? By inserting this in your paper I cannot but think that you will serve the cause of education, and, at least, of common honesty; and delight many who are what I am.

## A SCHOOLMASTER AND DOUBLE-CLASS MAN.

Now what are the facts of this case? Simply that a disappointed candidate sees fit to write an anonymous attack upon the selected man, and a respectable paper permits him to publish it. The facts over

which the flimsy veil of blanks and pseudonyms is cast are so patent that it is absurd to pretend any mystery about them. The grammar-school is that of Louth, in Lincolnshire, one of Edward the Sixth's foundation. The *Camford* paper is the *Cambridge Chronicle*. The selected man is a gentleman who took a very fair degree at Cambridge (that of senior optime), and who held until his late appointment a mastership at the Macclesfield School. Why not state all this openly and fairly, instead of using a disguise which every one can penetrate? The facts being thus stated to the public, we have no doubt, from what we hear, that the choice of the governors can be supported in every way; that the gentleman selected is at least quite as well fitted for the mastership as even a man who has taken a higher place in the *Tripos*—a double-class man, for instance. The assertion that the name of the gentleman appointed "does not occur in either of the *Tripos* lists" is inaccurate; his name does so occur in the class before referred to; as "A School-master" may ascertain on referring to the class list for 1840.

One of the most extraordinary pieces of literature extant is the collection of letters lately published with reference to an affair between his Grace the Duke of Somerset, and a gentleman named Mr. ALFRED HAMILTON. This gentleman having some business with the Duke, presented himself at his house and sent his card. The Duke under the impression (as it subsequently appeared), that the visitor was a Mr. HAMILTON with whom he was acquainted, commanded that he should be admitted; but, on finding that that impression was erroneous, insolently and contemptuously expelled him from his presence, as though an offence had been committed by daring to enter it. Mr. HAMILTON thereupon demands an apology, and, not receiving it, "sends a friend." The friend is not more fortunate than the principal; for the Duke, sheltering himself behind his rank, obstinately refuses a word of either explanation or apology. The plain facts of the case appear to be that the Duke of Somerset conceives himself to be "a Caesar," composed of such "stuff" that a common man is not to approach him with impunity. The only offence chargeable against Mr. HAMILTON is, that the Duke made a blunder—not an uncommon mishap for Dukes now-a-days. Really if this were not a Duke, we should be tempted to say that a man who can offer a gratuitous insult to another and refuse explanation or satisfaction must be—a snob; being a Duke, of course that is clearly impossible.

Ever since Mr. ALBERT SMITH put Mont Blanc into fashion, every traveller in Switzerland has deemed it necessary, and as a part and parcel of his duty in seeing the world, to attempt the ascent of the monarch of mountains. These gentlemen, not content with writing to the newspapers their boasting accounts of their climb, must needs squabble among themselves about *cotes*, summits, routes, and the rest, as if each were intent upon proving that no one but himself ever reached the top of the mountain. Now, in point of fact, going up Mont Blanc without an ulterior object (such as scientific experiment, or to pick up matter for a profitable entertainment), is a very useless exercise of superfluous energy. What does the world care about the matter? We know that the mountain may be ascended; we know its altitude; we know the density of the atmosphere upon its summit; and unless these climbers can add something very important to the present stock of knowledge upon the subject, they need trouble themselves no farther upon the matter. What possible effect can arise from a letter to the *Times*, stating that Brown, of Hampstead, started from Chamouni on such and such a day, slept at the Grands Mulets, eat so many cold fowls on the road, and finally drank a bottle of wine upon the snowy crown of the mountain at such an hour next morning, except to gratify the vanity of Brown and his admiring friends? By all means let Brown waste twenty or thirty pounds in taking a very useless and a very uncomfortable walk if he likes; but don't let him trumpet his folly to the world; above all, don't let him insinuate that ROBINSON tells fibs, because he (R.) says that he has done the very same thing. The other day, a climbing curate put all former climbers to the blush, by making the ascent *without guides*; a feat for which we have no doubt that the TAIRAZ family don't thank him. This, perhaps, was a discovery. Out of the many stories told of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, there is one which applies to these climbing heroes so aptly that we cannot forbear repeating it. A young gentleman of family appeared on the field of Waterloo as an amateur, and, by dint of great perseverance and exposing his life very recklessly, contrived to attract the attention of WELLINGTON. Some years afterwards this gentleman challenged the memory of the hero with the fact, and appeared to take to himself great credit for the needless exploit. "True, true," said the Duke; "I remember seeing you perfectly well; and I thought at the time what a precious fool you were to be there at all."

A contemporary informs us that Mr. THACKERAY will sail for New York on the 13th of October. From the same authority we learn that a party of Mr. THACKERAY's friends project a farewell dinner. Though not of "the party," we may, perhaps, be permitted to add our best wishes to those which will doubtless find effervescent expression upon the

occasion. May the trip be profitable to Mr. THACKERAY, profitable to his hearers in America, and profitable to those readers at home, for whom he will doubtless bring a return freight of American matter in his carpet-bag.

From what we hear, there is some reasonable hope that the American publishers may ere long be brought to see the advantages of an international copyright, from the best possible of all points of view—that of their own interest. It was in vain to reason the matter over when the advantage was all on their own side; but now that, by a reciprocity of piracy, American authors begin to discover that they reap little or no advantage from works which enjoy a very extensive sale in this country, they appear to deem the matter worthy of serious consideration. There can be no doubt that Messrs. ROUTLEDGE and the railway book-stalls are working out a wholesome reformation. American booksellers establish agencies here in vain. Directly it is discovered that the work takes, shilling reprints of it fly from the presses of the cheap publishers, and cut away the ground from under the dollar and half-dollar editions. The American publishers are not pleased at this; but what can they do? The reprisal is just, so far as the *lex talionis* goes; and they cannot decently complain of that which they do themselves every day, and to a much greater extent. We will tell them what they can do. They can act honestly; they can consent to let the author who benefits the world by the publication of a popular book reap the benefit of his genius in America as well as in this country. The story goes that when Mr. PENNENNIS was last in New York he was in the shop of a leading publisher when a very fashionably-dressed young lady passed through. "My daughter, Mr. PENNENNIS," said the publisher. "Oh! I see," muttered the great satirist between his teeth, "an edition de luxe of *The Pirate's Daughter*."

The publishing trade exhibits but few signs of recovering from its present stagnation and the list of novelties spoken of as forthcoming is preternaturally small. MACAULAY's volumes are still matters of speculation; so is LEWES's "Life of Goethe" (though actually in print), and M. SCHLÖSSER's anticipated "Memoirs of Handel:" the last-named work is to appear in English, French, and German simultaneously. Messrs. BLACKWOOD announce a republication of a very interesting series of papers upon Western America, already well known to the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, by LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., and also a reprint of the "Story of the Campaign," by Major HAMLEY, with illustrations. Without possessing the brilliant colouring of Mr. RUSSELL's word-pictures, Major HAMLEY's is decidedly the clearest and most practical account which has yet been given to the public.

While touching upon Crimean literature, it may not be out of place to say a word about the collection of photographs now exhibiting in Pall Mall East, even though that is a topic which properly falls within the province of the art-critic. Mr. FENTON, a very clever photographer, has contrived, during a very short sojourn in the Crimea, to collect nearly three hundred most admirable illustrations of the allied expedition—its hardships and pleasures, the state of the ground, the personal appearance of the soldiers and of those men whose names are now familiar in our mouths as household words. A man may here derive almost as clear an idea of the siege as if he had been there in person. There is no room for the imagination, no possibility of questioning the accuracy, for we know them to be the images of the objects themselves. Here we may become familiar with the personal appearance of the calm and courtly RAGLAN; of BOSQUET, the quiet, brave, compact, determined little man; of FÉLISSE, fat, rugged, large-boned, ruthless, and unflinching; of Sir HARRY JONES and of Sir GEORGE BROWN, fine old soldiers; of SIMPSON and CODRINGTON, no great conjurers, to look at them; and even of WILLIAM RUSSELL, Esq., the world-famed correspondent of the *Times*, in a costume smacking of the military jack-boots, and a cataract of beard. Nor are the little cabinet pictures taken in camp less interesting; "Major HALLIWELL, day's work over," exhibits the gallant major, solacing himself with the creature comforts, after what has evidently been a long turn of it in the trenches; Zouaves and English soldiers drinking; French vivandières; the interiors of batteries and trenches; such are a few of the subjects selected by the judicious taste of Mr. Fenton. The views around the camp are admirably taken, and are, perhaps, more distinct than the pictures from the life. "The Graves of the Generals on Cathcart's Hill" are so beautifully taken that the names upon the headstones are legible. Photographic copies of these pictures may be obtained from Mr. FENTON at prices which (considering the trouble and expense which he has incurred) are decidedly reasonable.

Among other announcements we notice "The Fur-Hunters of the West," by ALEXANDER ROSS; a new novel, called "Gilbert Massinger," by the author of "Thorne Hall;" and another contribution to our Antipodean literature, by W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq., called "The Emigrant's home; or, How to Settle." Messrs. GROOMBRIDGE announce a new botanical work, "The Flora of the Colosseum," to contain descriptions of no less than four hundred and twenty

plants, which grow amid the ruins of that vast amphitheatre, where once the beauty, the wealth, and the power of Rome delighted to look upon the contests of gladiators and the fights of wild beasts.

Rumour, ever busy with the invention of new plans, talks of a literary contemporary in embryo, somewhere in the direction of Cambridge. It appears that young Cambridge is by no means satisfied with the literary publications now in existence; that he talks loudly over his wine-parties, and denounces them as slow; makes no secret of his opinion that the gentlemen who write for the metropolitan press are, for the most part, very ignorant and incompetent fellows (to use a favourite academical idiom, mere *cads*); and is of opinion that he can conduct an organ capable of distancing all competitors. Well, there is plenty of room for all. *Macte virtute!* The Combination Rooms have not hitherto done much towards enlightening mankind, and we are glad to hear that their light is no longer to be hid under a bushel.

Mr. WILLIS, in the interesting "Current Notes," which he prefixes to his catalogue, gives the following as a piece of literary information:—

Will's Coffee House, at the north-west corner of Portugal-street, in Serle-street, closed finally at Midsummer last.

What is meant by this, if not that this coffee-house was identical with the celebrated WILL'S, frequented by VILLIERS and SELWYN, where DRYDEN sat and talked, "and all the wits of the town, and HARRIS the player, and Mr. HOOLE of our college" (*vide Pepys*)? If so, Mr. WILLIS has fallen into a strange error. The true WILL'S was what is now No. 1, Bow-street, Covent-garden, and has been shut up long ago. Tom's Coffee House, which is mentioned by DEFOE to be in the immediate neighbourhood of WILL'S, was undoubtedly in Great Russell-street, Covent-garden. This Portugal-street WILL'S was quite a modern affair, and had not, so far as we are aware, any connection whatever with literary history. While referring to this number of "Current Notes," we must record our acknowledgments of a most valuable and interesting paper upon "Early English Songs," from the pen of Mr. RIMBAULT, which forms part of them.

It is pleasant at all times to notice a proper and grateful appreciation of those silent but valuable services, which are all the more worthy of reward because they are unostentatious. Such a tribute as this was paid on Thursday evening at the Islington Literary and Scientific Society to their retiring librarian, Mr. JOSEPH STIMPSON. It was not so much that a valuable time-piece was presented to him, as that his long and excellent services have been appreciated, that must have gratified Mr. STIMPSON upon that occasion. L.

#### BRITISH MUSEUM.

Return to an Order of the Honourable the House of Commons, dated 17th April 1855;—for, An Account of the Income and Expenditure of the British Museum for the Financial Year ended the 31st day of March 1855, &c. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 18th April 1855.

DR. PRIMROSE is a very excellent man. He is curate of an overgrown parish. He preaches twice on Sunday, and does not buy manuscript sermons in Paternoster-row. He burns midnight tallow, and Mrs. Primrose complains, rather, that he uses too many dips, their income considered. At Oxford he acquired a smattering of medicine, and, in his daily rounds, prescribes and supplies to the poor and sick of his flock innocent doses of rhubarb and calomel. Last plum season he attacked and vanquished a case of cholera, with camphorated spirits and chalk mixture, which gained him a great name in Nazing-cum-Little, and the spite of village apothecary Jabez Hartshorn. Mrs. Primrose is a most exemplary woman. She darns her husband's stockings, sews buttons upon his wristbands, and, with her own fair hands washes his surplice; because Nazing-cum-Little has declared against church-rates. Moreover, she too visits the poor and the sick in their affliction, and where her good husband has left aperients in the morning, she is wont to leave tonics of an afternoon in the form of quarter-ounce packets of hyson. She has a fair cotton or cambric gown for work-a-day and a satin one for Sunday. The latter must have been turned more than once, since it is generally pretty near the last fashion. The two Miss Primroses are fine girls, and, if they know it, have a happy art of concealing their knowledge. They teach ragged villagers in the Sunday-school, hold rather heterodox notions about crocheting, never sketch in "uglies" in the fields, and have never been able to get over the second page of Tennyson's "Maud." Their grand fault is a leaning towards geology, and of carrying in their pockets, in place of the new fandangle a porte-monnaie, a little steel hammer. They simply provoke Providence by chip-

ping rocks, to know how much older than the flood they are. By the way, the younger Miss Primrose, in addition to a hammer, carries a Stanhope lens, wherewith she examines petals, pollen, and the antennae of vagrant butterflies. Moses Primrose is at a public school. He is of a radical turn of mind already, holds by Niebuhr and Arnold, and doubts in the existence of Romulus and Remus. Next year he enters Cambridge, rather against the wishes of his father, who has a leaning towards Oxford. He reads Laplace and Adam Smith, and has already a very small opinion of Aristotle. The Primroses are a happy family. They live within the mark, and owe nothing to baker or butcher. The Doctor has the grace of saving; not from any sordid motive, but it has long been his intention to delight Mrs. Primrose and astonish his girls with a sight of London. The latter have never been beyond ten miles of Nazing-cum-Little, and he means to let them know that there is such a place in the habitable globe as in Northern tongue may be called "London-cum-Muckle." The girls are highly pleased, and, for once, are rather extravagant in ribbons. Mrs. Primrose has dim recollections of Vauxhall when she was in London, a girl, on a visit to her aunt, who died at a ripe age in some year of grace within the present century, leaving to her niece her table linen, silver spoons, and the mahogany spinet which may now be seen in the cottage of the curate of Nazing-cum-Little. The satin gown is turned once more. Carpet-bags are packed. Tickets are taken for all the party, by the excursion train; and here our story properly commences.

The happy family have seen the Tower, have climbed the Monument, have ascended St. Paul's and paid three-pence to the canons for whispering, and at last bethink themselves of the British Museum. Dr. Primrose has still his liking for old books. He bought a Livy the other day, for such a trifle, that when he chooses to sell it, the price will build a whole National School. Of an evening he strolls along Holborn or Fleet-street, or feigns to lose himself about Leicester-square, and lays out more than the price of a sermon at an old book-stall. He caught a Caxton lately, and bagged him with greater glee than an angler bags a trout. He has his failing, good man. He is a "black-letter-man," and believes that all wisdom is contained on vellum, or lies between oaken boards. He wishes to see the library of the British Museum.

Mrs. Primrose has lately been expounding the prophecies to nascent milkmaids, and wishes to add to her knowledge from the acquired ruins of Egypt and Assyria. She wishes to see that portion of the Museum where Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar and Sennacherib keep company. She has been told that the wife of Potiphar lies side by side with a priestess of Isis, and she would examine the mummy of the accuser of Joseph.

The Misses Primrose desire to make the acquaintance of the Megatherium, the Mastodon, the Ichthyosaurus, and of other brutes and reptiles with names long as their tusks or tails. Buckland, Sedgwick, Hugh Miller, or somebody else, has made them in love with fossil ferns and petrified periwinkles. These they must see at the British Museum.

Moses is of an antiquarian turn of mind. He disbelieves Livy; but he believes in Egyptian scarabei. He is great in Tudor-pieces, angels, nobles, and Queen Anne farthings. He has been proposed as a member of the Archeological Institute, and has prepared a paper on tradesmen's tokens in the reign of the Emperor Heliogabalus. He knows a hawk from a hand-saw, and swears by Hawkins. We can only wish that the lad would recollect the commandment, and not swear at all. Moses, also, wishes to see the British Museum.

It was a fair morning in the first week of September, when the Primroses approached Great Russell-street on foot. A cab was not included in the family estimates. They had made an early breakfast on fossils, fungi, papyri, and such-like fare. The economical Primrose dispensed with eggs, having his eye upon a vellum-bound Elzevir, which he had seen the previous evening on a stall in Middle-row. They approached the Museum. The big gates, the lanky rails, the squat pillars, the expanding janitor debonnaire and laconic, duly impressed them. Forty pillars more or less sustain the dignity of Museum architecture. Ever so many imploring hands are held out from the tympanum beseeching aid for Music and her sisters. Astronomy

offers a golden ball to be relieved from ultramarine and the pigeons.

"No 'mittance, day, sir," said the expanding janitor. "No, 'mittance. Want get in? 'Ply Abbip Cantbry—Bip London. 'Spectable person."

"No one to whom we can apply?" inquired Dr. Primrose, meekly.

"Oh, yes!"—said expanding janitor. "'Ny trustee! Nizzie out town; N'Ellis country; Fmadden sea-side; Gray bogs; Nawkins Potteries—Roman 'mains—Salsby plains—pipe—Eastcheap—supposed Raleigh's or Shakspeare's—'say 'bacco—Virginia—fact!'

"But the mummies?" inquired Mrs. Primrose.

"Dead! Blinds down in consequence! General mourning."

"And the fossils!" said Miss Primrose, senior, so timidly.

"Petrified—fact! Bad treatment has made them hard-hearted. Birds moulting in camphor. Ostrich fainted other day."

"Strange management!" observed Mrs. Primrose, taking note of her daughter's diffidence.

"Management! Don't know. Mus'n't speak. Erratic blocks. Ax Owen. Pay a man only twenty bob to cut out the tail of an alligator—pay another sixty for *nuffin*. Fact!"

"And the butterflies?" said Ellen Primrose.

"And the coins," said George, straddling and chewing the head of his cane, as a man does who fancies he knows something of the world.

"Flies pinned down," said laconic janitor, "snakes pickled, fishes brine; coins—dout know them. Lords only see coins. Common people—'spectable reference. Abbip Cantbry—foreigners and beards preferred—no native 'ply."

Here Dr. Primrose looked as he looks in the school-room of Nazing-cum-Little, when he desires to appear terrible to the small boys.

"The library, Sir; what of the library, and your Verards, your Elzevirs, your Caxtons, your Wynkyn De Worde, your 'bug-Bibles' and your 'breeches Bibles,' your Fusts and block-books? What of your hundred guinea Shakspeare, your five hundred guinea Livy? What, Sir, of your Saxon Gospels, your Magna Charta, and the last speech and dying confession of Jonathan Wild, price six guineas?"

"Dusting—'spose! Shat week. Eighth Stembr. Abbip Cantbry. 'Spectable reference!"

The Primroses retired. The Doctor went to Middle-row and purchased the Elzevir; then, stepping into Hansard's, he purchased the paper quoted at the head of our article, and then, more vexed than ancient prophet could have been with the sinful cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, he sat down and wrote his complaint to the *Times*. He had never eaten white-bread at Lambeth, or brown bread at Fulham. He knew neither Abbip nor Bip, and shut himself up in his hired apartment, a second floor in Drummond-street, Euston-square, disconsolate.

Now, why should the British Museum be closed against Dr. Primrose, or any other comer, in the first week of September, or in the first week of any other month of the year? We ask the question for Dr. Primrose; we ask it on our own account. "Dusting, 'spose!" is not a valid reason. "Dusting, 'spose!" closes the Museum against the public three days a week—one hundred and fifty odd days a year. Meanwhile, on these dusting days, when brooms and Turks-heads are in full play, Lord Little and Lady Less have full run of all the saloons, and high functionaries escort amiable Jemimas through sawdust and between suspicious sloop-pails. These dusting days are kept sacred for the high, the mighty, and the titled, and are forbidden to tradesmen, nursery-maids, corduroy, and aprons. We defy the authorities to give a sensible reason for keeping the Museum closed against the public three days out of six. They cannot even plead "Dusting, 'spose." Memnon has not a dry wipe every day, and the bulls of Nineveh whisk off the flies with their own tails. Cleopatra is under glass, and Pharaoh's kitten is in wrappings of linen and coatings of pitch impervious to dust. The fish are in pickle, the snakes in alcohol, the butterflies in camphor. The coins are in mahogany drawers; the plants in brown-paper parcels. Plate-glass protects the manuscripts; Morocco and Russia bindings the printed books; and the old order of things every body. Moth and rust may, perhaps, corrupt; thieves have entered and tried to steal; but Reform cannot find his way through a keyhole. The government of the place is decidedly wrong. It is almost entirely in the hands of attendants or in-

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tendants, who rule pretty much as they please. From the *Reise nach London* of Dr. Von Barth, an intelligent traveller, who appears to have had unlimited access to the Museum, in 1854, we make the following extract:—

To-day visited, in company with Lord Brougham and the Rev. Jacob Bright, the British Museum. This great national institution is directed by about one hundred intendants (attendants?) As a sign of office they go hatless, and shave close. In a case or two the latter observance is set aside. The more dignified have a wand of office, tipped with gold. Their duties are to observe civility and to be well read in the morning journals. Their duty is to some extent vicarious, and the kicks and cuffs of the public they share among them. To aid them in their duties they have under them a body of assistants, who are compelled to wear their hats, a custom which results in their becoming prematurely bald. Under these are a body of stokers, maintained at the rate of 2000*l.* per annum; and five keepers, who are provided with board and lodging on the premises, and who are responsible for the safe custody of the brooms, keys, soap, linen, &c. (p. 96.)

Dr. Von Barth has been betrayed into a few inaccuracies; but on the whole his account is pretty correct. The keepers should be got rid of; the assistants ought to be allowed to go bare-headed; and the salaries of the attendants ought to be greatly reduced. Their present salaries are extravagant—no less in some cases than eighteen shillings a week. The keeperships are all but sinecures. The attendants have sometimes received the honours of knighthood, and the present principal belongs to the Guelphic order.

According to the parliamentary paper purchased by Dr. Primrose, and which we also have purchased, 56,180*l.* have been voted from the public purse for the service of the Museum for the current year. The public ought to have its money's worth. The doors should not be closed against the people one hundred and seventy-five days every year. Lords and ladies have the *entrée* on Tuesdays and Thursdays, attended by flexible officials. John Brown and Sarah his wife, having no friend at court—knowing no

flexible official—return disconsolate to Bethnal-green, from whence they have proceeded of an odd morning to gratify their own eyes and astonish Master James Brown with a sight of the stuffed lions and giraffes. Moses Primrose would have had some difficulty in obtaining a sight of the coins. They are valued at many hundred thousand pounds; but who knows aught of them unless he comes furnished with a "spectable reference?" There is a botanical department; but where? Who has ever seen it? There are whales hidden in coal-cellars, and amphibia, reptilia, mammalia, and pickled abortions in all manner of out-of-the-way places. The parliamentary paper places before us a great mass of figures; but these are next to unintelligible. They would puzzle De Morgan; Quetelet would be confounded with the statistics of the catalogues. *The catalogue, par excellence*, has been resolved into a myth. Altogether a great reform is required in the house of many pillars in Great Russell-street. The men inside ought to be made aware that there is a public outside.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### PHILOSOPHY.

*Critique of Pure Reason.* Translated from the German of Immanuel Kant. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn. London: H. G. Bohn.

The greatest reality and the greatest unreality of modern times rose to empire together. At the moment when the French Revolution was trampling with giant foot its grim and gory way over scaffolds and thrones, the hazy German intellect was building up those wild and barren systems in which an occasional grandeur of thought cannot compensate for an audacious and blasphemous impotence of speculation. German philosophy was partly the utterance of the cloister ere it closed, and of Feudalism ere it vanished for ever. It was as much a mediæval mummery as any of those Gothic glories long buried, over which romance sheds lavish tears, and which it strives in vain to raise from the dead. With an immense parade of originality, it was yet the mere reproduction of doctrines and methods to which subtlety rather than profound meditation in the Middle Ages had given birth. In no proper sense of the word can we admit the Germans to be philosophers. If we consider the philosopher as the teacher of ethical wisdom, it is as a social and political being as much as a thinker that he must first have learned it. But where was the German, neither a citizen nor a politician, but ever a ready hireling or a contented serf, to gain the practical part of ethical wisdom? If we consider the philosopher as equivalent with the metaphysician, and if we regard metaphysics as that which deals with what is beyond, above, behind, deeper than visible nature, he only who is in contact with visible nature can pierce into such mysteries;—and to the German, shut up with mouldy volumes in the mouldy nook of an academy, visible nature is a fact of which he has some dim idea or confused tradition, but no personal experience. We are far from believing that German philosophers were impostors, for some of them were men of noble character; but the thing itself is a vast imposture. Because it was not a loving attempt to enter into commune with the vitalities of the Universe, but an audacious endeavour to reconstruct the Universe according to the whim of some puny and pedantic mortal who happened, for the misfortune of mankind, to be a professor. That the Germans have rich metaphysical as they have rich religious faculties we deny not. They only make the mistake of supposing that Universe means nothing different from University. The suppression among them of social and political life has given a fatal predominance to a learned class. This is the real evil, which it will take long ages completely to overcome. A large learned class, not the highest expression of a nation's culture, but rather a marked contrast to the nation's general want of culture, will always be subject to the visitings of mad or morbid thought. Richter in one of his works gives the history of a human being who for the first eight years of his childhood was brought up underground. All those

belonging to the German learned class write and speak as if they had never dwelt in aught but a similar subterranean world. The smell and the dust of the tombs are on their garments;—their words have a sepulchral tone, as if they were uttered to the ghost of Frederic Barbarossa, and not to us who revel in God's abounding sunshine, feel the blood pulsing through our veins, and throb joyously in response to the whole of God's creation.

German philosophy is often spoken of as if it were a revelation to the human race as new as divine. It is thus that the sciolist in every generation has made himself, from vanity and from ignorance, the apostle and the champion of the sophist. No; assuredly the revelation was neither divine nor new; it was not something springing into existence, but something dying with maniac gestures and with maniac shrieks. It was the last cry of a long revolt. As far as the cry was peculiarly German, it was, as we have already said, cloistral and feudal; but in so far as it was the echo of other and older than German voices, it breathed simply that blasphemous rationalism which had prevailed from the times of Socrates and Plato, and which some of the foremost Christian fathers had not scrupled to employ as a bulwark of faith. The pure Greek intellect was a rationalising intellect; and, simply by being its most ideal and perfect representative, Plato was the rationalist by excellence. To the metaphysical mind as such Plato is unsatisfying, unsavoury, and sapless. To the logician, the dialectician, the rhetorician, the student of art, the lover of style for style's sake, he will always be perhaps the most interesting of prose writers. Unfortunately for the world, he has been considered from his time down to our own as the model philosopher, and as the marvellous prophet of metaphysical mysteries, none of which he had even approached. Before Plato real metaphysicians had appeared in Greece, but never after him; either inspired by gleamings from the East, or by the vague but deep oracles of the most ancient Grecian religions—oracles of which it might be said as of those of Apollo at Delphi, according to Plutarch, that they neither reveal nor conceal, but are signs and symbols. Still we must go much farther back than the ages immediately preceding Plato's, leave behind the Ionic and Eleatic schools, and enter through cosmogonies and theogonies into the region of mystical and poetical splendours, if we wish unchained and unchilled by rationalism to place our loving heart on the warm bosom of Deity. When Anaxagoras proclaimed a *Nous*, the ordainer of the world, too fatally and too fruitfully but inevitably did Plato's *Logos* at once the reason and the speech of the world, follow. But from the reason and speech of the world, first each man's reason and now at last each man's speech has been deified. And the craziness as well as the crime of this hideous legerdemain behold who chooses in Hegel's monstrous productions. The transition from the metaphysical to the logical which began before Thales, and which Plato perfected, probably commenced with speculations on

the infinite, which is as much a logical as a metaphysical idea. Antecedently to this, Nature had been to the joyous adorer like a Hindoo divinity, the mother with the million breasts. The child of the people worshipped the gladness and the exuberance of life; the sage, the metaphysician, mused over and worshipped the mysterious fountains of life; but he did not perplex himself or puzzle others about intelligence or cause—those empty, misleading words of the logicians. Life in its perennial outflow had been enough for the early metaphysicians: the first rationalistic rebel was he who yearned and ventured to trace the connection between the individual and universal life; and in this attempt originated the idea of the Infinite; which thus had reference neither to space nor spirit, though now in the books of philosophy it is exclusively considered in its identification with one or both. But the Infinite seeks to intensify itself, seeks unity; that is the next step; and unity seeks multiplicity; and multiplicity runs riot into atomism—that is, atheism: and the warfare against atheism begins in the assertion of the elements: then a supremacy is claimed for this or that particular element; then Anaxagoras comes with his *Nous*; then Plato with his *Logos*; and finally arrives a prosy German, a pedantic Hegel, proving each chattering dialectician to be God or an aspect of God. Let us, however, do justice to the Greek. As an orator, he habitually viewed logic more in its relation to rhetoric than to metaphysics. This point is altogether overlooked by modern scholars. That may be absurd or futile in connection with metaphysics, which is highly valuable and appropriate as the instrument of rhetoric. Herein it is that the Germans so egregiously blunder. Possessing no oratorical genius, and cut off by their political circumstances from all field for their eloquence, even if eloquence was theirs, they, while rushing into all the extravagances of that Greek rationalism which has been substituted for metaphysics for more than two thousand years, yet treat of logic as if in substance and lineaments exclusively metaphysical. Who can describe the confusion thence arising? Greek logic, though springing from Greek metaphysics, was ultimately perfected with reference to Athenian courts of law, as the word *categories* of itself sufficeth to show; for still more in those courts than in philosophical discussion, or on the political scene, were the most insinuating and invincible arts of the speaker demanded. Now how infinitely did the administration of justice in democratic Athens differ from its administration in feudal, fantastic, foolish, stolid Germany? Among the Athenians a forensic weapon, and even when applied to politics and philosophy not losing its forensic character, logic has been to the Germans a plummet for sounding the mysteries of creation. As metaphysics should never stand apart from religion, so we may as confidently maintain that logic should never stand apart from rhetoric, and that likewise when it is taught, if it is considered worth the teaching, the chronicle of its origin and growth among the

Greeks should never be omitted. That, freed from the thralldom of Greek rationalism and from the error of substituting logic for metaphysics, the Germans will finally accomplish marvellous things in the metaphysical domain, we dispute not. Meanwhile all their systematic metaphysical attempts are lamentable failures. From their mystical writers much metaphysical nutriment may be obtained; and whenever their professed metaphysicians have offered us anything worth reading, it has been simply a reproduction of what Boehme or some other mystic had uttered. It is probable that when the outrageous disciples of Hegel have breathed their last and worst of nonsense and blasphemy a healthy and ennobling metaphysics may await Germany. However, not till Germany tires of its political degradation can we expect it to outgrow its taste for being the dancing dervish of Greek rationalism.

As a metaphysical production, Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* is so worthless that those must be strangely besotted by Greek rationalism who give it a foremost place among metaphysical works. It may be useful, as the present able and intelligent translator suggests, in intellectual gymnastics—for which purpose it may be aided by its phrase-mongering, its pedantry, and its intolerable dullness; but he must be woefully mistaken about the nature of metaphysics who goes to it as to a metaphysical repast. An acute thinker, a vigorous logician, that most surely Kant was; but no metaphysician. The very title of the book is an absurdity. What is pure reason? If the words have any meaning at all, they must signify our highest ideal of the Supernal and Eternal Mind. To Kant, shut up in his little Königsberg world, they seem to have been equivalent to his morbid anatomy of his puny self, and also to the crotchets and crudities which he figmented to himself from his dabbings in Greek rationalism. With his enormous vanity, exorbitant pretensions, and the strong ambition to found a sect which was the leading impulse of his life, it was natural enough for him to believe that he incarnated in his own shrivelled mummy of a body the Pure Reason of the Universe; and it was quite as natural that, in the guise of a *Critique*, he should worship himself, the divine incarnation. With rather less of the poetic element than the late Joseph Hume, Kant had no scruple whatever in accepting a professorship of poetry till a professorship of philosophy was ready for him; in the perfect conviction that he had been born with omniscience, he would have entered with alacrity on the duties of any professorship whatever. He would have lectured at an hour's notice on the art of fortification, on English agriculture, or on the question whether George the Third's pigtail or Frederick the Great's was the longer and more becoming. But, indeed, we never met a German who did not consider himself fit for any office or work that offered. So that Kant only had, in a somewhat more abundant measure, that pleasant and perennial self-elation peculiar to the Germans, and which is very different from the self-reliance of the English, though Wordsworth and Lord John Russell enable us to understand it. There are cases where self-elation is merely harmless and amusing; but too often, as in Wordsworth and Lord John Russell, it cannot at last be distinguished from the grossest, most insatiate selfishness. What also in Kant had at first been simply self-elation grew finally to be selfishness—not obtrusive, but exceedingly exacting. That which in his youth had been want of generosity became, as his books acquired renown, a quiet but firm determination to quarrel with every one, even old friends and former disciples, who did not at once acknowledge his infallibility. Let the pique and paltriness manifested toward Herder serve as example. Yet it is this self-elation and the selfishness into which it hardened which are accepted as proofs that Kant was a kingly one among earth's primordial sages. A man supremely cold, calm, and self-absorbed must, it was thought, have been supremely wise. And as the supremely wise he was the more applauded, the sillier the quibbles and the more extravagant the fallacies in which he indulged. Much of this his most famous book, and of all his other books, is the meagrest commonplace, ill-concealed by periphrasis, bombast, and the very clumsiest writing. When complaint is made that he is unintelligible, we merely complain that he is intolerably dreary. But what we feel to be dreary his admirers, no doubt, regard as sublime.

How explain, it may be asked, a reputation so immense, if it is in the main undeserved? Partly

by the credulity of mankind, who took whatever was obscure in Kant's philosophy for depth, and childishly echoed its exaggerated praise of itself; but principally by the exhaustion of scepticism and materialism toward the end of last century. If the French Revolution had been allowed its fair and full development, it would have warmed and widened into a religious reformation for the whole of Europe. But, for the sake of the beloved Bourbons, Burke's cunning sophistries and furious invectives were greedily listened to; though we now see in Naples and in Spain what the animal called Bourbon is worth. The reign of terror was of necessity as short as it was tragical. When it passed away, the French, left to themselves, would have built up institutions in harmony with their wisest ideas and noblest aspirations. And then would have begun a religious revolution, far more stupendous and blissful than their political one; and which, after regenerating France, would have spread to every corner of the Christian world which superstition and ignorance yet cursed. But the natural course of things was to be madly and guiltily warred against, that the beloved Bourbons might have one or two more opportunities of showing that they were still more incurably imbecile and vicious than their worst foes had believed. The religious life, however, which had been frozen, or thrust back in its outflow, and which had been ready to burst forth from the fructifying fires of the French Revolution, was driven to seek, through philosophy, the utterance which it could not find in the earnest bosom of nations. Men had never experienced more potently the yearning for a God; though across scepticism, materialism, political corruption, social abomination, dead tradition, they saw him so dimly and so far off, that they knew not whether they owed him homage, or hatred, or even belief. Kant, by an array of arguments, apparently metaphysical, but really logical, in favour of God, immortality, human conscience, and human duty, seemed like a saviour of the hopes and the convictions dearest to the soul. And he was deemed a great metaphysician, because he had shown the possibility of religion, in the midst and in spite of the darkest evils and the most tremendous catastrophes. When the fecund forces of humanity are for a season dried up, or when in a moment of weakness or cowardice it distrusts itself, it is apt to be over-grateful to the fortunate mortal who teaches it to have faith again in its own indomitable valour, in its prodigal store of vitalities. To have very imperfectly done this was the extent of Kant's service. Let the service not be forgotten; but let it not be considered as at all justifying Kant's renown either as a philosopher or as a man of genius. Kant said nothing on the beliefs the most important and necessary to man which Thomas Aquinas had not put into a few pages of triumphant reasoning that every scholar is acquainted with. And this brings us back to the point we started from: what a simple galvanising both of mediæval mummies, and of mediæval mummeries, the so-called transcendental philosophy was. Nevertheless, as England does not seem able, in these days, to have philosophers and a philosophy for herself; and as, before she can have either, she must, like Germany, carry scholasticism to its ultimates; it is well that students so zealous and conscientious as Mr. Meiklejohn should be willing to undertake the drudgery of transmuting lumbering German into respectable English. We can promise no one either pleasure or profit from reading *The Critique of Pure Reason* beyond the discipline in patience and perseverance derived from getting through a most wearisome book. But, as the English do not seem disposed to go through, from their own thought and their own researches, the tedious process of unfolding scholasticism to its uttermost, that a new and a diviner philosophy may arise, we cannot have too many translations from the modern German metaphysicians. Scholasticism was the madness of Greek rationalism; transcendentalism is the madness of scholasticism; and it is better that we should with German aid journey over a stage of our mental culture, which is arid and painful but unavoidable, than attempt, like Cousin and the other French sciolists, a miserable eclecticism. Having completed that stage as best we can, let us prepare for those profounder and more beautiful revelations, both of metaphysics and religion, which await our race.

ATTICUS.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Brittany and La Vendée; Tales and Sketches.* By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co.

EMILE SOUVESTRE was born on the 15th of April, 1806, in the little town of Morlaix, in Brittany, north of Cape Finisterre. His father, an engineer officer, sent him to the partly military and partly scientific College of Pontivy, where he remained till about seventeen years old, when, in consequence of his father's death and his mother's desire that he should choose his own profession, he applied himself to the study of the law, first at Rennes, and afterwards at Paris. The student, we are told, was methodical and industrious, and acquired much knowledge; finding the opportunity of attending medical and other lectures in addition to those which treated of law. He arrived in Paris in the year 1826, self-important, awkward, hopeful, inexperienced, and with a tragedy in his trunk, entitled *the Siege of Missolonghi*—for Greece and her struggle for liberty supplied the popular topic of the day. After several disappointments of the usual kind, the tragedy was at last read and accepted by the administration of the Théâtre Français, but in the hands of the Government censors became so mutilated that the young author withdrew it in disgust, and for a time made no further literary effort. About this time he received the more important and distressing tidings of the loss of his elder brother at sea, with the merchant-vessel he commanded, in which the whole property of the family had been invested. Their reduction to poverty was the inevitable consequence, and Emile immediately quitted Paris, with all its hopes, for home, and there sought for whatever employment might best enable him to support his mother and the widow of his brother. He became shopman to M. Mellinet, a bookseller in Nantes. But his literary ambition, though checked, was not suppressed; he used his leisure in writing verse and prose for some of the local periodicals, and began to collect the stories and traditions of his beloved Brittany—that old-fashioned and peculiar corner of the land. M. Luminais, a wealthy philanthropist, who frequented this bookseller's shop and took notice of the young shopman's abilities, resolved to found a school at Nantes on a new plan, and placed it under the charge of Emile Souvestre, jointly with another young man, M. Papot. Souvestre's marriage soon followed; but his wife died within a twelvemonth. After this, having previously resigned his share in the school, he became editor of a newspaper at Brest; then Professor of Rhetoric in a new college there, and a writer in the *Paris Temps*. Here he finished *Les Derniers Bretons*, a description of the country, manners, customs, and traditions of Brittany, which on its publication in 1836 at once established his reputation in France. In that year, though failing in health, he settled with his family in Paris, on a fourth story in the suburb called *Poissonnière*, with an outlook over gardens, his residence during the remaining eighteen years of his life. In 1848 M. Carnot, becoming Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, appointed Souvestre a lecturer in the school for youths intended for the civil service, and also engaged his assistance, without payment, in the evening lectures for working men and their families in Paris. The success of these readings led Souvestre to give a course of public lectures in the summer of 1853 in the chief towns of Switzerland, where his writings were already held in esteem. He was enthusiastically received, we are told, by the whole educated people of French Switzerland, and at the same time his writings were becoming better known in England, both in their own language and through the translations of the *Confessions d'un Ouvrier* and *Le Philosophe sous les Toits*, published in Longman's "Traveller's Library." Souvestre's personal character is described as most benevolent and amiable, his countenance dignified and sweet, and his conversation full of interest and power; children were attracted to him at first sight, and he was warmly endeared to all who knew him. Duty was the mainspring of his life, and his heart overflowed with tenderness in all domestic and friendly relations. His opinions were conservative; his views of the state of society in France tended to despondency, but without bitter or morbid feeling; his heart was set upon the moral and religious instruction of his countrymen. In 1854 Souvestre was preparing to revisit Swit-



zerland; but the thought of death—as the gate of a higher life—seems to have occupied his mind as if forebodingly. A short illness, not looked upon as serious an hour before its close, sealed up his earthly labours on the 5th of July 1854. He was in his forty-eighth year. Frenchmen of all opinions rendered homage to his character; and the Académie Française voted to his widow the testimonial founded by M. Lambert for the recognition of the writer who had been most useful to his country.

The volume from which we have abridged the above sketch of Souvestre's life contains eight of his shorter tales, elegantly translated. Their brevity prevents much development of narrative or character; but the customs and legends of Brittany lend them a peculiar tinge, and its scenery is sketched with a soft and full pencil. An air of melancholy or depression pervades the book; but it is perfectly free from those faults which are considered to be characteristic of the recent school of fiction in France.

### SCIENCE.

*The Water-cure in Consumption; a Demonstration of its Curability.* Illustrated by 147 authenticated cases of cure, some of them in the last stage. By JOHN BALBIRNIE, M.A., M.D. London: Longmans.

It is confessed by those who best know the subject, that medical skill has hitherto availed comparatively little to check the ravages of that fearful destroyer of human kind—consumption. The annual deaths from this disease amount to a sixth of those of the population of the British Isles; and it is computed that ninety millions of the present inhabitants of the earth are destined to fall its victims. If this be so, the time is surely ripe for attempting some radical change of practice. At all events, a legitimate case is made out for directing our attention to the subject.

The most eminent physicians of the present day admit the ineffectiveness of the ordinary practice—a practice based upon the exploded hypothesis that consumption was a local affection of the lungs alone, and to be treated by local means; whereas it is now asserted that the *fons mali* is a constitutional defect, debility, or taint, and that constitutional treatment alone availeth to grapple with the evil. The special object of Dr. Balbirnie's book seems to be to advocate these views, and to corroborate the efficacy of their application; and he assures us that he does not stand alone in his opinions or practice. Dr. Stokes, Regius Professor of Medicine in the Dublin University, thus pronounces:—

What are you to expect from adopting the absurd, and often cruel treatment, so commonly used in cases of this disease? The blisterings, the leechings, the setons, issues, and eruptions by tartar emetic ointment, which still disgrace the practice of medicine, will be soon unknown among our more enlightened brethren. You cannot conceive the amount of suffering inflicted and of positive mischief done by the adoption of the doctrine that phthisis is to be treated as a localised, original, and irritative disease of the lungs. Ask a practical physician as to his experience of phthisis, and he will often tell you that among the few cases in which recovery took place there were several instances in which patients had, either from despair or some other cause, pursued a course very different from that which is so often advised. I have known myself several most remarkable instances in which a temporary, or even a permanent, cure had taken place, yet in which the patients had acted in every way contrary to rules. They had exposed themselves to vicissitudes of weather; they had taken violent exercise, lived freely, and even drank hard. They recovered; and it is still a question whether this result was owing to the invigoration of the system by the return to their former habits, or to the escape from the enervating effects of warm rooms, relaxing climates, cough mixtures, sedative and slop diet, to say nothing of the barbarous issue or seton.

The practice enforced by Dr. Balbirnie, as we are informed in his book, is entirely hygienic, "allowing Nature, the grand restorer, fair play by putting her into the best condition for doing her own work."

The curability of consumption is now no longer a "vexed question" among the medical profession. The records of hospital and private practice, the testimony of a long list of unimpeachable cases, and the researches of the best British and foreign observers have determined the question that consumption is not incurable, even in the most advanced stages where large cavities exist in the lungs. Dr. Balbirnie states that the simplest, safest, and most effectual cure is

that effected by the agency of water, pure air, and simple diet. He says—

The time of day has now come to sift the question of the curability of consumption to the very bottom. A new interest has been awakened on the subject by the introduction of a remedy which has acquired a high reputation in the treatment of that disease. It is now admitted on all hands by the profession that cures, in every stage of the disease, are far from unfrequent. Many contend, moreover, and not without good grounds, that by the early adoption of judicious measures consumption affords as rational a hope of recovery as the commonest diseases that afflict humanity. In this opinion the present writer fully concurs, from no inconsiderable experience of the malady, and from no slight investigation of its nature, causes, and modes of spontaneous arrest. The grand practical point, then, for investigation is, under what circumstances does the natural cure of the disease take place? and are these circumstances producible by art? M. Louis thinks the nature of these circumstances unknown, and invites the careful investigation of medical observers to aid in their elucidation. This recommendation or challenge to inquire by the great authority in all the pathological questions concerning phthisis is the motive and warranty for the present publication. The systematic works on consumption almost all ignore or blink the question, which is of all others the most important to the public. To fill up this gap in professional literature is the express object of this work, and it is written for the public as well as for the profession, and this for the plainest of all reasons, viz., that the public have quite as great interests involved in the solution of the question as the profession. The work now submitted proposes to accomplish four grand practical and paramount objects:—1st. To throw fresh light on the constitutional disease—the general "taint" or infection of the system—that lies at the foundation of scrofula and consumption. The present writer has made the first essay that he believes has yet been attempted to trace and detect *that specific deviation in the nutritive processes* which is the most salient morbid phenomenon of the tubercular disease. 2nd. To show more clearly than has been done heretofore the local conditions concerned in the arrest and insulation of tubercular deposits. 3rd. To insist not only on the acknowledged fatality of the routine treatment of consumption, but also to warn against all tampering with the stomach by the introduction of drugs, as utterly subversive of the ends of sound digestion and good blood-making. Without this valid basis for our operations, it is vain to hope for that *constitutional regeneration* which leads to and implies the cure of the disease. 4th. To advocate a purely hygienic system of cure, or the simple practical application of the vital truths of physiology; to the end that the restorative energies of the organism may be placed in the best condition, and have the fullest scope for their own development, thus converting diseased into healthy action; it being clearly established that the natural tendency of the body is to rectify its own deviations, when placed in the best circumstances for so doing.

Maintaining these principles of treatment firmly, as Dr. Balbirnie and other hydropathic professors do, yet it is evident that the author of the work before us is not a bigoted advocate of or adherent to the water-cure. Here is his profession of hydropathic faith.

Enlarged experience proves that the water-cure is far from justifying the exclusive pretensions set up for it by its early writers and practitioners. It is found to be, in effect, *anything but a cure for all diseases*, and it is very far from curing all curable diseases. It is a very great way off from the infallibility, the precision, and the power first claimed for it. Whether, abstractly considered, hygienic agencies alone comprise all the needed modifiers of the organism which the exigencies of disease demand, is still an open question. And if it were decided in the affirmative, who is the practitioner that dare lay claim to the energy, the genius, and the ubiquity requisite *always* to work this simple agency with the best effect? *De facto*, we find it impossible, in the present state of knowledge and of society, altogether and in all cases to dispense with the aid of drugs in the treatment of disease, unless at the expense of great and gratuitous suffering to the patient, and the deferring of convalescence often for weeks. In a commercial country like ours, to *gain time* is an element of paramount consideration with crowds of patients. That the profession themselves admit the crying abuse of drugs is quite enough; but *therefore* to denounce and renounce their use is madness in the extreme.

So much for the rationality of the principle which Dr. Balbirnie advocates; and for its effectiveness when reduced to practice. It must be admitted that, although he speaks as a warm advocate and a consistent practitioner of his own preachings, he speaks with moderation.

Dr. Balbirnie introduces his treatise with an exposition of the morbid phenomena of the constitutional affection that lies at the root of the evil. The importance of blood taint or contamination is strongly insisted on. The scrofulous physiognomy and the structural and functional

peculiarities of tuberculous subjects are graphically sketched. Great stress is laid on weakened or deranged digestive functions, vitiated secretions and excretions, &c. The fountains of nutrition being thus at fault, can the reparative materials drawn from them avail to build up healthy, strong, and enduring bodily structures? Impossible, argues Dr. Balbirnie.

Dr. Balbirnie surveys the various theories of tubercle, and explains his own notions of this scourge. He lays down these principles:—

Animal life is maintained by constant supplies of food, for the purposes of growth, and for the repair of its waste, and by proportional supplies of oxygen for respiratory or depurating purposes; i. e., as a means of combining with and carrying out of the economy, the carbonaceous products of decomposition. *Of the two, the depurating process is much the more essential to life.* Accordingly, there is only one apparatus or system appointed for the elaboration of the food; but many and large are the organs appropriated to the excretion of the corporeal waste. The lungs, liver, and skin are set apart for the elimination of the effete or superfluous carbon. The kidneys are the grand outlet of the nitrogenous matters and earthy and saline materials. Every other function may be suspended for a considerable time without involving life. We can live for weeks without food, or with the liver "locked up," and several days with the function of the kidneys suspended; but we can live only two or three hours with the skin coated over, and only a very few minutes with respiration suspended. Hence it is clear that the integrity of the eliminating functions is the first want of animal life, the indispensable condition of sound health. From the same facts, as well as from the immense extent and influence of the lungs and skin, it is manifest that the grand business of depuration chiefly falls on these organs. Good blood-making depends more on the active condition of the excreting functions than on the abstractly-nutritive qualities of the food. Those who feed best, in the popular acceptance of the term, are not nourished best. An inferior aliment will be turned to good account, any ungenial substance it contains will be strained off, provided the air breathed and the exercise taken by the individual be such as to keep up a highly active state of the eliminatory outlets of the body, especially of the lungs and skin. On the contrary, the richer the diet, and the less the elimination of the corporeal waste, the more are artificial causes of disease added to natural ones—retained excretions being the most potent source of disease.

We pick out from the mass a thought or two more:—

*Lactic acid* is one of the products of decomposition of the tissues, and finds its chief outlet by the skin. When the cutaneous function is impaired—and this impairment, we contend, is an essential part of scrofula—the elimination of lactic acid is attempted by other outlets, chiefly by the bowels. Hence the prevailing acidity of the alimentary canal in scrofula and phthisis. . . . The structure and functions of man show that he was not intended to be by any means a *sedentary animal*. Those who live the longest, and enjoy the best health, are invariably persons of active habits. From the moment man becomes a civilised being the depuratory process of his blood becomes less perfect—in other words, the grand excretory functions of his skin and lungs are less completely exercised. From that moment scrofula begins to show its ravages on his frame. Why? Because his habits become less conformable to the instinctive requirements of his constitution. His exercise is less frequent, or less natural—either unremitting or not at all: his lungs are compelled to long periods of comparative inactivity; and his skin is equally diminished in function by loads of superfluous clothing, as well as made susceptible to every atmospheric variation by all sorts of "coddling" in warm rooms. By all these anti-hygienic agencies, the blood of the civilised man is infinitely less oxygenated than before. He voluntarily debars himself of the means of carrying off the effete matters of his body. When the lungs are imperfectly exercised it is impossible for the skin to be *healthily* active in its duties; for the two go together. Baths and cleanliness are, indeed, a great compensation; but nothing perfectly compensates the want of active exertion in a pure air, for nothing else can perfectly keep open the body's safety-valves, or secure the perfect elimination of the corporeal waste. And when the products of decomposition are not all thrown out, a virtual and valid *materies morbi* remains to vitiate the process of recomposition. Hence the commencing loss of high condition whenever man comes materially to infringe the hygienic laws—when superfluous food or pernicious drinks combine with the want of due activity of lungs and skin, to derange the balance between waste and supply. Even the diet may be proper as to quantity and quality, and the alimentary canal may be kept clean, but all will not avail to produce healthy blood and firm textures, so long as the pulmonary and cutaneous safety-valves are marred in their play. It is a grand truth, of which we challenge refutation, viz., that *no one with perfectly acting lungs and skin ever becomes scrofulous, or, being scrofulous, long remains scrofulous.*

People only become consumptive, when—together with causes impairing the general health—the active play of the lungs is impeded from any circumstance whatever, had posture, confinement, absorbing passions, or inflammations which consolidate portions of the pulmonary tissue; and the treatment of which, as heretofore managed, entails weeks of wearisome confinement to the sick-chamber, too often the poisoning of the system with drugs, and the depression of the vital powers by every other anti-hygienic influence.

An analysis of the phenomena of tubercular disease, and all the best ascertained facts regarding its causation, as well as a series of analogical reasonings, lead Dr. Balbirnie to the conclusion that the essential cause and origin of consumption is

To be located in the defective performance of the grand depurating economy of the body, and principally, if not exclusively, in the impairment of the functions of the lungs and skin—in other words, in the want of adequate supplies of oxygen to combine with the carbonaceous waste of the body, and so to effect its complete expulsion from the system.

Here is Dr. Balbirnie's own theory of the primary cause of consumption:—

The oil and albumen of the food, with the inorganic elements they hold in solution, acted on mechanically, chemically, and vitally in the body, constitute the material from which the blood is formed. The presence of these elements in proper proportions, and unimpaired in their atomic constituents, is absolutely necessary to maintain the vital properties of the blood. A drop of chyle taken from an animal a few hours after a meal contains—1st. A molecular basis of inconceivably minute particles. 2ndly. Numerous corpuscles in different states of development into blood-globules. This molecular basis consists principally of fat coated with albumen. These two important principles constitute the essential nutrient elements of the chyme: emulsified into the minutest particles, they pass through the intestinal villi, and into the lacteals in the form of the milky fluid called chyle. When the indispensable supply of oxygen for combining with and abstracting the perpetual waste of the body fails by its legitimate sources—the lungs and skin—the only alternative left for nature is to convert certain of the elements of nutrition into elements of depuration: the latter being by far the more pressing demand of the economy. The food, therefore, no sooner begins to be dissolved in the stomach, and its elements set free, than a portion of the oxygen of the oil and of the albumen is abstracted to supply the lack of that which should have been introduced by the lungs; thereby vitiating the constitution of these nutrient principles, and effectually disabling them for perfect nutrition, precise to the extent to which the robbery of the oxygen has taken place.

The oil and albumen are deoxygenated—in other words, made to yield up a certain amount of their oxygen. Hence it comes to pass that that which was previously oil and albumen is now neither the one nor the other, but a *tertium quid*—a deteriorated substance, unfit for sound nutrition. With regard to the albumen of tubercular blood, it is, by universal consent of chemists and pathologists, admitted to be of degraded quality; but what the precise change that has passed upon it is chemistry has not yet clearly taught us. That change we announce. It is deoxygenated albumen. It has given up a portion of its oxygen for depurating purposes. The defect in the constitution of the albumen is shown by this, that when it should fibrillate, or develop into the characters of healthy fibrine, it assumes instead a granular amorphous form. But we are not left in the same uncertainty as to the result to the oily principle of the loss of a portion of its oxygen. Chemistry even defines and gives a name to this deoxygenated oil. It is *cholesterine*—a form utterly unfit for nutrition. It abounds, as we should expect, in tubercle. The liver is the appointed organ for eliminating the excess of fatty matters in the system. Cholesterine is a constituent of bile. When in excess in the economy, of course we have *fatty liver*—the peculiar lesion of consumptive patients.

Of these deoxygenated materials the tubercular body is obliged to make the most as the foundation of its blood-globules. Need we wonder, then, that such blood-globules should be of lowly-endowed vital properties, and that, in proportion as the system is compelled to use this faulty material, there should be a progressive deterioration of the whole solids and fluids of the body, to an extent, in the long run, utterly incompatible with the functions of life.

This theory we give as it stands. To pronounce a definitive judgment upon its merits is clearly beyond our province as critics.

Dr. Balbirnie explains rather fully the structural changes produced in scrofulous disease of the lungs, or pulmonary consumption; and he endeavours to show in certain cases evidence of the entire removal of tubercular deposits—structural modifications which prove beyond all possibility of doubt the curability of even the most advanced stages of consumption.

The writer believes that he is the first, at least in this country, strongly to insist on inflammatory or fibrous exudations around tubercular deposits and the linings of cavities as nature's grand mode of spontaneous arrest of the disease. Hence chalky concretions—the point-blank evidences of the absorption of the animal parts of tubercle—are always found imbedded in an artificial cyst, produced by the hardening and contraction of the coagulable lymph which nature pours out in inflammatory attacks, or in pauses of the constitutional malady, i.e. in an improved condition of the blood. Thus we have solved the problem M. Louis considered insoluble. The conditions of spontaneous arrest of pulmonary lesions are, 1st, an improved condition of the blood, the drying up of the corrupt fountain of the malady; and, 2nd, the effusion of plastic exudation around deposits or cavities, which serves in the former case (deposits) as a "wall of circumvallation" to separate the diseased from the healthy, the living from the dead parts; and in the latter case (cavities) to dry up and bring together ulcerating walls.

As a matter of duty in a book which advocates a mode of cure, we have a description of the symptoms, phases, and course of consumption, and the author gives at considerable length an account of what he believes to be the causes of consumption. Dr. Balbirnie lays great stress on correcting the scrofulous constitution; that is, applying his remedies to the very fountains of the evil. The constitution of the chyle, he says, is at fault, either from defective working of the digestive organs, or from imperfect aeration of the blood, causing that chyle to be robbed of its oxygen to supply the necessities of elimination. To remedy these two primary defects—to purify the blood and restore its nutrient elements—constitutes the chief aim of Dr. Balbirnie's treatment; and is, according to him, the medical generalship required to combat successfully the stern foe of mankind we are now dealing with. Attention to the digestive organs, exercise of the lungs and limbs, and the invigoration of the skin by baths, &c., constitute the means by which he seeks to accomplish his end.

The stress laid upon drugs in the old treatment the author contends is a fatal error. The practice of confining consumptive patients to warm apartments is one that Dr. Balbirnie strongly censures; on the contrary, he argues for free exposure to pure and bracing air. He is equally opposed to exiling consumptive patients to foreign climes, declaring that Great Britain contains many localities ensuring every condition for successful treatment. He establishes as an irrefragable principle that nature makes continuous and successful efforts to rectify her own derangements, and that the essential thing is to assist the efforts of nature in her own way, by refraining from measures that waste nature's resources and thwart her plans. He remarks:—

Habitually scanty nutriment, or the use of food deficient in the quantity and quality of its staminal principles, is so frequent an antecedent of consumption, that it must be regarded in the light of an exciting cause of the tuberculous constitution. Indeed, scrofula is the peculiar appanage of the ill-fed. Early improper feeding, if it does not destroy life, sows the seeds of scrofula. Bringing infants up by hand is an unnatural mode of nutrition, and prepares the constitution for present scrofula or future consumption. The shape and nature of the blood-corpuscles are altered in young animals fed on other substances than milk. Defective milk will produce emaciation and debility, and sow the seeds of tuberculous modifications of the blood and other diseases. The maternal milk is scarcely substitutable—cow's milk differs materially from woman's. It contains more than twice the amount of proteine and less oil and sugar; besides, it is generally a mixture of the milk of many cows—a circumstance likely to derange the digestion of an infant. Moreover, cows are often diseased—those almost always which are kept in large towns and stall-fed. Milk that has stood some time and milk from the breast are very different things. With loss of temperature the former loses the halitus in which its piquancy resides, and from that time also the chemical changes and decomposition begin.

In the following extract the water-cure and animal diet are pitted against the regimen of the vegetarians:—

Herbivorous animals are certainly more affected with tubercular disease than carnivorous. It is a fact also that butchers, who use much animal food, are seldom consumptive; and truth compels me to say that, in a few cases, I could distinctly connect the development of consumption with a prolonged experiment of vegetarian diet. Unless well managed, and in very robust constitutions, vegetarianism tends to produce an excess of the albuminous element of the blood and a deficiency of its fibrine, iron, and red particles, imparting a paleness and flabbiness to the tissues, a general delicacy of look, and a want of

stamina and power of energetic endurance. This is a state of matters assuredly verging on to the pathological condition of the fluids characterising the scrofulous constitution. Hence the necessity for caution in vegetarian experiments. Let me not be misunderstood as unconditionally decrying vegetarianism. There is much good in it; but it is capable of as great abuses, quite, as an unmixed diet. Having experimented carefully on myself for two years with vegetarian diet, I consider myself qualified to give counsel on the subject. It will not do for all healthy people, nor as an indiscriminate recommendation to invalids. In the hands of a physician it is a potent auxiliary of his art. But there is a time to eat animal food! . . . . . He who attempts to treat consumptive patients in this country on a vegetarian diet will sacrifice multitudes of them. The best and the most permanent cures are those accomplished by a well-selected mixed diet. Butcher's meat it is only expedient to abstain from so long as inflammatory complications, or gastric irritation prevail, and so long as the accelerated pulse and respiration are unrelaxed."

Dr. PROUT'S *Bridgewater Treatise*, one of the best of a series which upon the whole certainly failed to fulfil the expectations of the munificent testator or of the public, has just been republished by Mr. Boln in his "Scientific Library." The theme is *Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with reference to Natural Theology*; and Dr. Griffith has edited the new edition, correcting and advancing it to the present state of knowledge. It is a mistake to write books of science with reference to anything but science. Natural Theology should use science as evidence; but it is a perversion of logical order to make a treatise on science with a purpose beyond itself. Dr. Prout, however, has done it as well as it can be done.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber; or, the Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge.* By the Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot.

*Lands of the Slave and the Free; or Cuba, the United States, and Canada.* By the Hon. HENRY A. MURRAY. 2 vols.

*Wahna; or, Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.* By SAMUEL A. BARD. Low and Co.

WE feel and have constantly expressed the very strongest objection to books written with a foregone conclusion, that is, to the work of the advocate who makes out a case. The proper business of authorship, to which we attach something of the notion of authority and permanency, is nearly akin to the functions of the judge and the jury, viz., to seek for the very truth, to hold the even balance of an unbiassed mind, and, having weighed the facts in all their relationship, to pronounce an honest judgment, even although it should be in entire conflict with all his previous prejudices and partialities. This is more especially the duty of a traveller. A man who visits a foreign country, or at least a man who undertakes to write about it, is bound to go there with both his eyes open. Not such an one is the Rev. Mr. Wylie. Not only does he wilfully close one eye, but he also puts on a pair of coloured spectacles, so that he sees only half; and what he does see is deeply tinged with the hues of the medium through which he views it. He went to Italy, not so much to learn the whole truth as to confirm his hostility to Romanism, by finding out everything that can be adduced against it, and giving it credit for nothing in the *per contra* account. It must, however, be said of him that he does not disguise his purpose: it appears upon his title-page. He does not, like too many others, hold a brief for the plaintiff, and pass himself upon the world as a judge. He makes no profession of impartiality. His narrative must, therefore, be read with the understanding that it is a strong case against Rome ably got up by a clever counsel for Protestantism.

Thus perused, with the necessary caution, and it will be found to yield a great deal of interesting information. Mr. Wylie writes with much power and energy. His descriptions are graphic, with a pleasant dash of imagination in them. He possesses some of the materials that should make him a poet. He is keenly alive to sensuous enjoyments, and writes them down with manifest relish, as if he tasted them while he wrote. Such is the

## ENTRANCE INTO TURIN.

I shall never forget the intense excitement that thrilled me when I found myself rolling along on the magnificent avenue of pollard-elm that runs all the way from Rivoli to Turin. The voluptuous air,



which seemed to fill the landscape with a dreamy gaiety; the intense sunlight, which tinted every object with extraordinary brilliancy, from the bright leaves overhead to the burning domes of Turin in front; the dark eyes of the natives, which flashed with a fervour like that of their own sun; the Alps towering above me, and running off in a vast unbroken line of glittering masses,—all contributed to form a picture of so novel and brilliant a kind that it absolutely produced an intoxication of delight.

As a specimen of the manner in which Mr. Wylie can ridicule forms that differ from his own—forgetful that his forms are equally ridiculed by those who differ from him—take his sketch of

## A PROCESSION.

The first sight we saw was a procession advancing up the street at double-quick time. I was at first sorely puzzled what to make of it. There was an air of mingled fun and gravity on the faces of the crowd; but the former so greatly predominated, that I took the affair for a frolic of the youths of Bicherasio. First came a squad of dirty boys, some of whom carried prayer-books: these were followed by some dozen or so of young women in their working attire, ranged in line, and carrying flambeaux. In the centre of the procession was a tall raw-boned priest, of about twenty-five years of age, with a little box in his hand. His head was bare, and he wore a long brown dress, bound with a cord round his middle. A canopy of crimson cloth, sorely soiled and tarnished, was borne over him by four of the taller lads. He had a flurried and wild look, as if he had slept out in the woods all night and had had time only to shake himself and put his fingers through his hair, before being called on to run with his little box. The procession closed, as it had opened, with a cloud of noisy and dirty urchins hanging on the rear of the priest and his flambeaux-bearing company. The whole swept past us at such a rapid pace that I could only, by way of divining its object, open large wondering eyes upon it, which the large-boned lad in the brown cloak noticed, and repaid with a scowl, which broke no bones, however. "He is carrying the *sentissimo*," said my fellow-travellers, when the procession had passed, "to a dying man."

Here is a clever picture of

## FERRARA.

Even in its ruins Ferrara is lovely. It wears in the tomb the sunset hues of beauty. Its streets run out in straight lines, and are of noble breadth and length. Unencumbered with the heavy arcades that darken Padua, the marble fronts of its palaces rise to a goodly height, covered with rich but exceedingly sweet and chaste designs. On the stone of their pilasters and door-posts the ilex puts forth its leaf, and the vine its grapes; and the carving is as fresh and sharp, in many instances, as if the chisel were but newly laid aside. But it is melancholy to see the long grass waving on its causeways and the ivy clinging to the deserted doorways and balconies of palatial residences, and to hear the echoes of one's foot sounding drearily in the empty street.

Very graphic, too, is this narrative of the traveller's

## ENTERING ROME.

I intently scrutinised the various objects, as the glare of our lamps brought them successively into view. First there came a range of massive columns, which stalked past us, wearing in the sombre night an air of Egyptian grandeur. They came on and on, and I thought that should never have passed. Little did I dream that this was the piazza of St Peter's, and that the bulb I had seen by favour of the lightning was the dome of that renowned edifice. Next we found ourselves in a street of low, mean, mouldering houses; and, in a few moments thereafter, we were riding under the walls of an immense fortress, which rose above us till its battlements were lost in the darkness. Then turning at right angles, we crossed a long bridge, with shade-like statues looking down upon us from either parapet, and a dark silent river flowing underneath. I could guess what river that was. We then plunged into a labyrinth of streets of a rather better description than the one already traversed, but equally dreary and deserted. We kept winding and turning till, as I supposed, we had got to the heart of the city. In all that way we had not met a human being, or seen aught from which we could infer that there was a living creature in Rome. At last we found ourselves in a small square—the site of the Forum of Antoninus, though I knew it not then,—in one of the sides of which was an iron gate, which opened to receive us, *diligence* and all, and which was instantly closed and locked behind us, while two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, took their stand as sentinels outside. It was a vast barn-looking, cavern-like place, with mouldering Corinthian columns built into its massive wall, and its roof hung so high as to be scarce visible in the darkness. It had been a temple of Antoninus Pius, and was now converted into the Pope's dogana or custom-house. In a few minutes there entered a dapper, mild-faced, gentlemanly, stealthy-paced man, with a thick long cloak thrown over his shoulders, to protect him from the night-air.

Mr. Wylie devotes several chapters to prove the depressing influence of Romanism on trade, as shown in Italy, where commerce is extinct. But what does he say to Belgium, where commerce and Romanism flourish together? How does he account for the great commercial communities of the middle ages, who were Romanist also? What of the commerce of France at this moment? Here is an instance of the unfitness of the advocate manner of writing a book. He takes one case that seems to tell in his favour, and omits the half-dozen others that tell against him.

We conclude with a sketch of

## THE GHETTO, OR JEWS' QUARTER OF ROME.

Enter the Ghetto, and you feel instantly that you are among another race. An indescribable languor reigns over the rest of Rome. The Romans walk the streets with their hands in their pockets and their eyes on the ground, for a heavy heart makes the limbs to drag. But in the Ghetto all is activity and thrift. You feel as if you had been suddenly transported into one of the busiest lanes of Glasgow or Manchester. Eager faces, with keen eyes and sharp features, look out upon you from amid the bundles of clothes and piles of all kinds of articles which darken the doors and windows of their shops. Scarce have you crossed the threshold of the Ghetto when you are seized by the button, dragged helplessly into a small hole, stuffed with every imaginable sort of merchandise, and invited to buy a dozen things at once. No sooner have you been let go than you are seized by another and another. The women were seated in the doors of their shops and dwellings, plying busily their needle. One fine Jewish matron I marked, with seven buxom daughters round her, all working away with amazing nimbleness, and casting only a momentary glance at the stranger as he passed. How inextinguishable the qualities of this extraordinary people! Here, in this desolate land, and surrounded by the overwhelming torpor and laziness of Rome, the Jews are as industrious and as intent on making gain as their brethren in the commercial cities of Britain. I drew up with a young lad of about twenty, by way of feeling the pulse of the Ghetto; but, though I tried him on both the past and the present, I succeeded in striking no chord to which he would respond. He seemed one of the prophet's dried bones—very dry. Seventy years did their fathers dwell by the Euphrates; but here, alas! has the harp of Judah hung upon the willow for eighteen centuries. Beneath the dark shadow of the Vatican do they ever think of the sunny and vine-clad hills of their Palestine?

It is not often that we are condemned to toil through a book so offensive to good taste as Mr. Murray's *Land of the Slave and the Free*. Never was there so much of promise with such pitiful performance. His range of observation was limited, but his range of reflection is still more narrow. He tells us nothing new; nothing, indeed, that has not been better told by his predecessors. He attempts to be "funny," and fails miserably; he tries to be wise, and is only commonplace. Then he ekes out his own narrative by long abstracts of, and extracts from, other books; and thus spins out into two volumes what, well written and well selected, might have been contained easily in one volume. We will not pause longer over it, but pass it by with a single extract from his better moods, and candidly telling the reader that it is not worth borrowing—still less buying.

## A SHIPWRECK IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

While tossing from side to side, I felt the vessel strike as if gently touching a bank; and wood being a good conductor of sound, I heard water, as it were, gurgling in. My first idea was, "We are snagged;" then, remembering how slight the concussion had been, I calmed my fears, and turned over on my side, determined to bottle off a little more sleep, if possible. Scarce had the thought crossed the threshold of my mind, when men with hasty steps rushed into the saloon, banging frantically at the cabin doors, and the piercing cry was heard, "Turn out, turn out! we're sinking!" Passengers flew from their beds, and opened their doors to get what scanty light the lamps in the saloon might afford. A mysterious and solemn silence prevailed; all was action; no time for words; dress, catch up what you can, and bolt for your life. As I got to the side of the vessel, I saw a steamer alongside, and felt the boat I was in careening over. A neighbour, in fear and desperation, caught hold of me as a drowning man catches at a straw: no time for compliments this, when it is neck or nothing: so, by a right-hand in the pit of the stomach, I got quit of his clutch, and, throwing my desk over to the other boat, I grasped the wooden fender and slid down. Thank God, I was safe!—my companion was already safe also. It was about half-past four A.M., a drizzly, wet morning, quite dark, except the flame of the torches. A plank was got on board of the sinking boat, along which more passengers and even some luggage were saved. The crew of the sound

boat had hard work to keep people from trying to return and save their luggage, thus risking not only their own lives, but at the same time impeding the escape of others. From the gallery above I was looking down upon the wreck, lit up by the lurid light of some dozen torches, when, with a crash like thunder, she went clean over and broke into a thousand pieces; eighty head of cattle, fastened by the horns, vainly struggled to escape a watery grave. It was indeed a terrific and awful scene to witness. From the first striking till she went to pieces, not a quarter of an hour had elapsed; but who was saved? Who knew, and—alas! that I must add—who cared? The crew worked hard enough to rescue all, and to them be every credit for their exertions; but the indifference exhibited by those who had been snatched from the jaws of death was absolutely appalling. The moment they escaped, they found their way to the bar and the stove, and there they were smoking, drinking, and passing the ribald jest, even before the wreck had gone to pieces, or the fate of one-half of their companions had been ascertained. Yet there was a scene before their eyes sufficient, one would have imagined, to have softened the hardest heart and made the most thoughtless think. There, among them, at the very stove round which they were gathered, stood one with a haggard eye and vacant gaze, and at his feet hung two half-naked infants; a quarter of an hour before he was a hale man, a husband, with five children; now, he was an idiot and a widower, with two. No tear dimmed his eye, no trace of grief was to be read in his countenance; though the two pledges of the love of one now no more hung helplessly round his legs, he heeded them not; they sought a father's smile—they found an idiot's stare. They cried: was it for their mother's embrace, or did they miss their brother and sisters? Not even the piteous cry of motherless infancy could light one spark of emotion in the widowed husband's breast—all was one awful blank of idiosyncrasy. A wife and three children, buried beneath piles of freight, had found a wretched grave; his heart and his reason had fled after them—never, apparently, to return. Surely this was a scene pre-eminently calculated to excite in those who were, by their very escape, living monuments of God's mercy, the deepest feelings of gratitude and commiseration; yet, there stood the poor idiot, as if he had not been; and the jest, the glass, and cigar went on with as much indifference as if the party had just come out of a theatre, instead of providentially escaping from a struggle between life and death. A more perfect exhibition of heartlessness cannot be conceived, nor do I believe any other part of the world could produce its equal. The immediate cause of the wreck was the steamer H. R. W. Hill running into us, owing to misunderstanding the bell signal. Most providentially, she caught alongside of us after striking, if she had not done so, God alone knows who could have been saved. As far as I could ascertain, all the first-class passengers were saved. Do not stare at the word first-class; for, although in this country of so-called equality no difference of classes is acknowledged, poor helpless emigrants are taken as deck passengers, and, as freight is the great object, no space is set apart for them—they are stowed away among the cargo as best they can be, with no avenue of escape in case of accidents, and with the additional prospect of being buried beneath bales and barrels. I believe fifteen passengers perished in this way: one poor Englishwoman among the deck-passengers fought her way through the freight, and, after being nearly drowned and trampled to death under the hoofs of the cattle, succeeded in escaping. A slave-merchant with a dozen negroes managed to save all of them, inasmuch as, being valuable, he had them stowed away in a better place. The moment the wreck was completed we proceeded up the river, wasting no time in trying to save any part of the cargo or luggage.

We have some hesitation whether we should not place *Waikna* among the fictions, it is so suspiciously like a fiction. Certain it is that a great deal of fiction has been mingled with it; but, inasmuch as the author possesses manifestly considerable acquaintance with the places he describes, we have decided that for the sake of these descriptions he may be permitted a place in this department. It is a volume that comes to us from America, and there is something very like an imitation of Herman Melville's semi-fictions in the framework of the adventures. Mr. Bard is an artist, who could not make a living in New York, and he determines to travel about seeking employment and improvement. He went to Jamaica, and painted portraits of the negroes; he was wrecked on one of the multitudinous coral islands of the Antilles, and played Robinson Crusoe for some time. He was rescued by a wrecker, who conveyed him to the Musquito shore. Here he undertook a perilous voyage in a canoe to the Grande River, whence he reached Cape Gracias. In this voyage he met with romantic adventures, for which the reader is referred to the volume, which, equivocal as it is in character, will afford ample amusement even if read only as a fiction. The descriptions of scenery,

however, are probably correct, and they are well done—as this of

#### THE MANGROVE SWAMPS.

The banks near the lagoon were low, and the ground back of them apparently swampy, and densely covered with mangrove-trees. This tree is universal on the Mosquito coast, lining the shores of the lagoons and rivers as high up as the salt water reaches. It is unlike any other tree in the world. Peculiar to lands overflowed by the tides, its trunk starts at a height of from four to eight feet from the ground, supported by a radiating series of smooth reddish-brown roots, for all the world like the prongs of an inverted candle-labrum. These roots interlock with each other in such a manner that it is utterly impossible to penetrate between them, except by laboriously cutting one's way; and even then an active man would hardly be able to advance twenty feet in a day. The trunk is generally tall and straight, the branches numerous but not long, and the leaves large and thick; on the upper surface of a dark, glistening unfading green, while below of the downy whitish tint of the poplar-leaf. Lining the shore in dense masses, the play of light on the leaves as they are turned upward by the wind has the glad billowy effect of a field of waving grain. The timber of the mangrove is sodden and heavy, and of no great utility; but its bark is astringent, and excellent for tanning. Its manner of propagation is remarkable. The seed consists of a long beanlike stem, about the length and shape of a dipped candle, but thinner. It hangs from the upper limbs in thousands, and, when perfect, drops, point downward, erect in the mud, where it speedily takes root, and shoots up to tangle still more the already tangled mangrove swamp. Myriads of small oysters, called the mangrove oysters, cling to the roots, among which active little crabs find shelter from the pursuit of their hereditary enemies, the long-legged and sharp-billed cranes, who have a prodigious hankering after tender and infantile shell-fish.

It should be added that many woodcut views are introduced. Are they real? Here is another shipwreck.

Little did we think that we were rushing on a danger more terrible than the ocean. The storm had buffeted us for more than an hour, and it seemed as if it had exhausted its wrath and had begun to subside, when a sound, hoarse and steady, but louder even than that of the wind, broke on our ears. It was evident that we were approaching it, for every instant it became more distinct and ominous. I gazed ahead into the hopeless darkness, when suddenly a broad sheet of lightning revealed immediately before us, and not a cable's length distant, what, under the lurid gleam, appeared to be a wall of white spray, dashing literally a hundred feet in the air—a hell of waters, from which there was no escape. "El Roncador!" shrieked the captain, in a voice of utter despair, that even then thrilled like a knife in my heart. The fearful moment of death had come, and I had barely time to draw a full breath of preparation for the struggle, when we were literally whelmed in the raging waters. I felt a shock, a sharp jerk, and the hiss and gurgle of the sea, a sensation of immense pressure, followed by a blow like that of a heavy fall. Again I was lifted up, and again struck down, but this time with less force. I had just enough consciousness left to know that I was striking on the sand, and I made an involuntary effort to rise and escape from the waves. Before I could gain my feet I was struck again down, again, and again, until, nearer dead than alive, I at last succeeded in crawling to a spot where the water did not reach me. I strove to rise now, but could not; and, as that is the last thing I remember distinctly of that terrible night, I suppose I must have fallen into a swoon.

#### FICTION.

##### THE NEW NOVELS.

*Gertrude; or, Family Pride: a Novel.* By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Percy Blake; or, the Young Rifleman.* By Capt. RAFTER, Author of "The Guards," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

*Love versus Money: a Novel.* 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley.

PRIDE subdued by love—a maiden stooping from her high sphere to love a man much below her in social rank, thus acknowledging the supremacy of intellect over all external distinctions—is an old theme for poet, novelist, and dramatist, and though perpetually reproduced, never wanting in interest, if only a little ingenuity be employed to vary the form of the story. But, inexhaustible as its interest proves to be—pleasant as it is to read and dream of distinctions of social rank vanishing before nature's equality of intellect, which has its own nobility—yet it is very doubtful if, as a sober matter of fact, such unions ever

result in happiness. Though novelists do not recognise the truth, that the highest intellect is part of a mind composed of passions and weaknesses, and lodged in a body which has its appetites and demands its indulgences—in real life that truth soon makes itself felt, and domestic life, stripped of its romance, is dependent for its comfort upon family friendship or hostility quite as much as upon competency of fortune. It is lamentable to think that lofty intellect will be sorely discomfited if the leg of mutton is underdone; that love "which tempests never shook" will cool at the sight of a milliner's bill; that the goddess must be seen in curl-papers, and the idol of the romance in a dressing-gown and slippers—probably peaked with a red nightcap.

Agreeing, therefore, with Mrs. Trollope, that unequal love is a capital theme for fiction, we are bound to say, that if it ends in an unequal marriage, it is a very bad thing in reality, and we hope that it will not be encouraged by the example of *Gertrude*.

Undoubtedly, the wondrous diffusion of wealth has done much to destroy social distinctions. The barriers that used to divide ranks are not absolutely impassable, as formerly. But they are still hard to be leaped. Democracy has tried to throw them down, but the attempt has failed utterly. By a curious revulsion of feeling, nowhere are they more rigidly maintained than in democratic countries. In the United States, the social distinctions of classes are far more sedulously preserved than with us; and, among ourselves there is more repulsion among classes than in countries where the lines of demarcation are drawn by the law. So it was in France. The first demand of democracy was equality. It was decreed by the law, but was it obtained in fact? By no means. Classes only kept themselves still more aloof, and to this day the nobles preserve their social rank intact, though their political titles and power are wrested from them.

Intellect alone crosses the barrier. But even that does not accomplish it immediately. The intellect of the man of inferior class is patronised, courted, used, but it is not recognised as of equal rank.

*Gertrude* is designed to illustrate the struggles between family pride and love, ending in the triumph of the latter. *Gertrude* falls in love with her father's secretary and marries him. The interest of the story consists in the resolution with which, through all trials and difficulties, she remains faithful to her affection and resolute to her purpose, and this is done without the sacrifice of any gentle trait of character which belongs to woman. *Gertrude* herself is a charming creation, the best Mrs. Trollope has produced. The novel itself is wanting in one of the characteristics of her former most popular fictions. There is no satire, for the subject affords no field for it. But it is in satire that Mrs. Trollope is greatest. That is her forte. But let us do her this justice; her satire is not ill-tempered; it is the satire we admire and applaud in Thackeray and in *Punch*. It has done good service in its time, and if directed against the hypocrisies of our own day, it would do good service again, and we should heartily welcome the pen of Mrs. Trollope to the exercise of its old functions. *Gertrude* has some clever scenes and some vivid sketches of character; but we cannot help lamenting that the same power was not more usefully employed.

*Percy Blake* is the history of just such a dashing hero as might have been anticipated from Capt. Rafter's former exploits in hero-making, and one who is sure to be extremely popular just now, when the country has a military mania. Percy Blake is a soldier, whose adventures in love and war are equally daring, impetuous, and wonderful. He is for ever fighting or making love. He begins, when a schoolboy, with a terrible passion for a little cousin of the mature age of six, to whom he swears eternal devotion, and who swears an eternity of love to him. He fights for her with his playmates, and wins her in a fair contest of bloody noses. Then he is sent into the world to seek his fortunes; enters the army and again falls in love, with one Harriet Sibley. Nothing comes of that. They are separated, and then his inflammable heart is on fire for the niece of a wealthy manufacturer; but we may be permitted to doubt the perfect disinterestedness of this "attachment." In this manner he proceeds, mingling adventures in war with adventures in love, through three volumes, thronged with incidents, some intensely exciting, all interesting, told with infinite spirit, and with full knowledge of army life, of which there are some brilliant

sketches, and sharing in the fatal Walcheren Expedition, which is powerfully described; and in the end he returns and marries the little cousin to whom he had sworn constancy at the beginning of the tale—his heart, let us hope, nothing the worse for having been desperately in love with a dozen other women in the mean while. It is a novel that will pleasantly beguile the evenings, now growing long.

Although in two volumes only, *Love versus Money* is quite as long as the ordinary novel in three volumes, if not longer, so closely is it printed. Here too, the title indicates the subject; only, instead of rank struggling with love, as in *Gertrude*, we have love in conflict with money. But the author of this latter novel has not Mrs. Trollope's capacity for constructing a story, nor her experience in the art of telling it. An unpractised pen is visible in these pages; but, nevertheless, there is promise in it. Some of the characters are truthfully conceived and drawn with considerable ability. *Love versus Money* is an Irish story, of the latter part of the 18th century, and the author has carefully studied the history, manners, and characteristics of the period in which the scene is laid. His principal fault is verbosity. The characters declaim too much. A dialogue should always advance the story, or illustrate the character; it should never be introduced for the mere purpose of filling up the pages. In real life, persons do not talk a whole page in one sentence; that is not dialogue, but declamation. It is also a fault to be too minute in description. Something should be left for the imagination. An instance of this fault is at page 96 in the first volume, where nearly two pages are devoted to some tokens of affection offered by Mrs. Hardforth to Eve. This is only one example of many. We name them, because the author has abilities, which, cultivated and corrected, might make him eminent.

*Blenham; or, What came of Troubling the Waters* By E. ELLIOTT. London: W. and F. G. Cash 1855.

THE subject of church-rates is not a very promising topic for a novel; but, as we have heretofore met with one about pews (written, too, by a member of the Established Church), we are not much surprised at finding that a dissenter has availed himself of this very exciting question as the foundation for a work of fiction.

The scene of the story is cast in Blenham, a small town, supposed to be distant about twenty miles from the metropolis. The rector of this place and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dunning, are depicted as persons of rather narrow and exclusive views about religion; very uncharitable in matters of opinion, and not remarkably benevolent in practice. Indeed, it would hardly be expected that they should be otherwise; for all the sense and Christianity in Blenham is apparently monopolised by a dissenting blacksmith, named Doughty, who is unquestionably the hero of the tale. At the opening of the story, this Doughty is getting up an agitation upon the subject of church-rates; the town is in a terrible ferment; in tap-rooms and drawing-rooms, and back-parlours of logical linen-draperies, this vexed question is being hotly debated; and the assistance of a young attorney from a neighbouring town is obtained to keep up the agitation by lecturing at the Mechanics' Institution. This worthy "limb of the law," who appears to combine a knowledge of his profession with a taste for lecturing and the Greek Testament, is named Holmesdale, and he is another of the heroes in the book. So that we have two dissenting heroes to one evil genius, namely, the rector; while the clerk of the parish and the justice of the peace are thrown in upon the rector's side to balance their lesser vices against the worth and piety of the lawyer and blacksmith. The heroine of the story is a young lady named Clara Bentham, a boarder in the rector's family, and about whose birth and parentage some mystery is attached. This precocious young lady very soon turns out to be a disputant of the first force (of course upon the dissenting side), who beards her preceptor even in the recesses of his own study, where, although surrounded by all the defences of polemical learning, he is quite unable to withstand the zealous fury of her attacks. These are the principal materials of which the story is composed. The Rector's son Henry, a dashing young soldier, with a handsome face and a silly habit of larding his



conversation with French, Italian, and German quotations; the Rector's daughter, an uninteresting young lady, whose only merit is, that she serves for a foil to the brilliant Clara; Holmesdale's sisters, one of whom eventually marries Henry Dunning; the Rev. M. Blandford, who turns out to be Clara's father; and his son Rowley Blandford, Holmesdale's articulated clerk, who marries Miss Dunning, are the other characters brought forward by the plot.

After the church-rate question has been well agitated in the town, Doughty refuses to pay, and is consequently summoned before the magistrates. Proving contumacious, he is cited to appear before the Ecclesiastical Court, the jurisdiction of which he obstinately refuses to recognise. For this contempt he is put into prison, where he remains for eighteen months. The sufferings of this church-rate martyr while in gaol are of course not passed over lightly. He is attacked by gaol-fever, and when he does regain his liberty it is with a shattered constitution which speedily carries him to the grave. His labours have, however, not been in vain, and when the story ends the church-rates of Blenheim have been placed upon a voluntary footing.

Now we have nothing to say here against the opinions which any person may choose to entertain with respect to church-rates. The existing law upon the subject may or may not be excessively unjust, and it may or may not be desirable to restrict the levies necessary for the maintenance of the Church to those only who take advantage of her teachings. These speculations are wide of the mark, which is, whether Mr. Doughty, or anybody else, has a right to set the law at defiance, merely because it does not happen to square with his conscience and opinion. In this free country a man may write, speak, and petition as much as he pleases, for the repeal of a law which he believes to be unjust; but he has no more right to act in contravention of the law, so long as it is in force, than a pickpocket has to plead his peculiar opinions with respect to the rights of property in answer to a charge of larceny. If the law of the land does not suit him, let him leave the land and seek elsewhere an opportunity of acting in accordance with his conscience; but so long as he remains in the land he must respect its law, and if he do not he can expect no sympathy if he be made to undergo the punishment he has invoked. For these reasons we consider Mr. Doughty's case a very poor one indeed, and we feel sorry that so able a writer as Mrs. Elliot evidently is should have wasted her talents in preaching so unsound a doctrine.

Another tale from America is inviting popularity by calling itself a "Companion to The Lamplighter." This, however, is mere claptrap. It has no connection with that clever book. It is by a different hand, who has only succeeded in finding a title that bears some resemblance to its popular predecessor, but does not possess a tithe of its spirit, invention, or interest. Mrs. Maitland, indeed, plainly tells us in her preface that she has carefully avoided writing a single exciting line. That is quite true. But whether it will recommend her volume to the public we question much. At all events, it deprives it of any title to call itself a "Companion to The Lamplighter." Nay, is not the doing so an impertinence which deserves rebuke? Has an authoress a right to try to tack herself to the skirts of a successful stranger, by publishing her ranting as its "companion?"

*The Brothers Bassett*, by Julia Corner, the well-known historian of childhood, is the new addition to the "Parlour Library," and proves that she is as competent to amuse the grown-up world as the population of the nurseries. It is really a very clever novel, with an ingenious plot, well-conceived characters, and some powerful descriptions.

Another of the manifold novels of Mrs. Marsh, author of "Emilia Wyndham," has been added to the "Parlour Library." *Norman's Bridge* is not her best production, for it was one of her later ones, when she seems to have written with too much speed. But it is an interesting story, and contains some fine passages, especially where pathos is invoked.

Of the lesser books of fiction, in the popular one shilling form, we have received *Tales for the Marines*, by the Author of "Los Cingros" (Ward and Locke), a noisy nautical book.

*The Old Commodore*, by the Author of "Ratlin the Reefer," has been added to Routledge's "Railway Library." It has already achieved fame, and in its cheap form will be welcome to a new circle.

Chapman and Hall have added to their "Select Library of Fiction," a volume of Mrs. Gaskell's minor stories, contributed, if we rightly remember, for the most part to *Household Words*. *Lizzie Leigh* is the

longest and the best of them; but all are interesting, and a good purpose belongs to each.

*Cross Purposes; or, the Way of the World*, by Margaret Casson (Ward and Locke), is not quite worthy of a cheap issue. It does not maintain the credit of the shilling volumes.

*The Wild Tribes of London* is another of the strange series of semi-comic tales of London life which have issued from the office of Ward and Locke, the productions manifestly of accomplished pens.

## POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

*Poems*. By MARY BROTHERTON. (2nd edition.) Brussels: J. H. Bréard.

A NEW edition, brought out at Brussels, of this little volume of poems, published originally in London, 1850, and now with additions, by Mrs. Brotherton, may be greeted with pleasure by all who can appreciate the refined and pure in feeling, the graceful and harmonious in metrical expression. In their aggregate these compositions may be regarded as portraying the mind of woman elevated by culture, chastened by affection and suffering; but peculiarly that of woman in English domestic life, in so many respects more suitably placed and influential than her sisters of other lands. It is not likely that such writings will be very widely appreciated, or that anything like a sensation will be created in the reading world by their appearance; but to the thoughtful and deeply feeling they will speak with a voice from the inner life, gentle and persuasive; and with that calm eloquence we believe they may continue to speak when many more ambitious and noisily successful performances are forgotten, many fashionable novels left unread, and applauded tragedies laid on the shelf. There may be causes for regret and improvements to desire in the prevailing tendencies of our literature at the present day; but one subject of congratulation is assuredly presented, in its poetic province at least—a pure morality and reverential sense of religion become dominant, demanded by public opinion, necessitated by the progress of the human mind. These characteristics we find eminently in the volume before us, set off by beauties of style, by a power of using rhythm so as to produce correspondence between sound and sense, that decidedly claim for its author a place above the head of poetasters—the "so middling, bad were better."

The "Forest-house" is a tale of quiet pathos and touching interest—a mere sketch as to incident; but that outline has been filled and lighted up by colours drawn from the sources of nature, piety, and affection. Its story may be told in a few words. An orphan boy is left to grow up, forlorn and neglected, in a melancholy old ancestral mansion. He returns a man in the second part, bringing with him a gentle bride, who delightfully learns that the picturesque old house nestled among deep woods, which she has imagined herself the first to discover and point out, with childlike glee, to her husband's attention, in a stroll through green fields and shaded lanes from the high road, during their bridal tour, is no other than their own home, the melancholy mansion of former years, henceforth to be gladdened by the sunshine of virtue and happiness. The author is, generally, more successful in her minor poems; but there are affecting and beautiful passages in this, the principal of her volume's contents. We might make many quotations from the "Forest-house," but must particularly call attention to the passage in the first part, where the first dawning of religious apprehension, the sense of immortality almost intuitive, is described as taking place in the mind of the neglected orphan. This would do honour to any of our poets living. The sonnets—that most appropriate form for the manifestation of individuality, most easy in mediocrity, most difficult in its true excellence—are, we think, the happiest effusions. Many of them are domestic, filled with reminiscences of scenes and characters, of life's sorrows and life's joys. In all is apparent the temper of a sensitive but calm spirit, whose trials have left no traces of bitterness, whose religion is without sectarianism, almost self-unconscious in its perfect freedom from ostentatiousness, but still the principle that sustains and exalts the whole being.

The following seems to us one of the more felicitous in thought as well as language:—

### THE PAST.

Blest as a lover in his bridal home  
The poet dwells, from green removed place  
Heareth world's noise in leafy whispers come,  
Finds all creation fair in one fair place;

The face of Nature his desire completes,  
And many an hour the man, with folded arms,  
Will waste his lifetime (while his lifetime fleets  
Like a far river), gazing on her charms.  
For me, though loud as March the Present calls,  
Wild with cross winds, and jarring blast on blast,  
A certain marvellous music swells and falls  
In my own soul, where my own love, the Past,  
With airy harp the wrathful weather takes  
And melody of all that discord makes.

The following is quite pictorial, steeped in Italian sunlight; and who can doubt that personal experiences are here the source of inspiration?

### ROME.

Go, spend thy Sabbath in Italian air!  
Run back, poor heart, past all thy work-day ills!  
Much dost thou sigh to taste the South anew,  
And yearnest for the grand old city there—  
The grand old city gleaming on her hills,  
With cypress-clumps and pines against the blue.  
Naples is rich in rap and shining shores,  
Vast glimmering grottoes loud with fretted seas,  
Great gardens fair along torrentine heights  
(Which breathed to us, far down on charmed oars,  
The bitter fragrance of their golden trees).  
And those warm splendours of her full-orb'd nights,  
Run back, sore troubled heart, run back to Rome!  
Spend thy still Sabbath in thy stately home!

Among "Sonnets written during the illness of my brother in India," the following is remarkable for pathos and mournful harmony (that brother's wife being the third person alluded to):

O never sigh, O never sigh for me,  
Ye tender hearts! let mine its comfort tell,  
Let God's great gift for two suffice for three;  
O let your love and joy be mine as well!  
And mine they are, and many a night they still  
Mine idle plaints, my own impatient sighs;  
All the hush'd air and dusky room doth fill  
With holy shining shapes and gentle eyes:  
My lids are touch'd by feathery fingers soft,  
Into my heart doth righteous comfort creep,  
Fair thought of all the few I love hath oft  
Soothed my wet eyes and weary pain to sleep!  
And thought of you doth bless me night and day;  
Your joy is mine—sigh none of it away!

We may add that Mrs. Brotherton was originally known by her maiden name, Mary Irwin Rees, as a contributor to the *Athenæum*; and that the present volume is dedicated "in token of love and duty, remembrance and hope," to her husband, an artist of ability, who has spent many years in Rome.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Private Life of an Eastern King*. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Nussir-u-Deen, King of Oude. 8vo. pp. 330. Hope and Co., Great Marlborough-street. 1855.

THERE is an insatiable desire in the heart of man to pry into the private life of other men, especially of those distinguished by station or talents. What would not now be given for a private life of Pericles narrated by so "faithful a chronicler as" Boswell? But as this is a vain wish, we will turn to accessible amusement, in the shape of a private life of a King of Oude who was far from being a Pericles, written by one who was equally far from being a Boswell.

About thirty years ago, as we infer from collating the facts of his narrative, for dates are sparsely given, the anonymous author of this volume, then a resident at Calcutta, was induced by the tales he had heard of Lucknow, the capital of Oude, to travel thither "in the ordinary routine of mercantile life." He emphatically repudiates the epithet of "adventurer," which we should not have thought of affixing to his name (if we knew it) had he not provoked the observation, and which his search for service in the Court of Oude justly entitles him to. "I got a hint that there was an office in the King's household vacant, and that if I met his Majesty and offered the usual present I might be accepted and appointed to it." This may be the "ordinary routine of [Indian] mercantile life;" but it looks, to our simple view, vastly like the pushing of an "adventurer"—the author's own word—which, he further says, is so "hateful to the Honourable Company." That he himself did not belong to the Company's service he takes care specifically to inform his readers, though the least critical must have inferred as much from the tone in which he speaks of the Company's dealings with native princes whenever he has occasion to allude to any such transactions. For example:—

When Lord Wellesley went out to India as Governor-General, towards the end of the last century, Oude was larger than England. It had been a province of the great Mogul Empire, and its ruler was called the Nawab Vizier. Warren Hastings, by plundering two of the female members of the Nawab's family, and

torturing their attendant eunuchs to extort treasure from them, had made the Nawab of Oude known to quiet people in England some years before; for Burke had thundered forth his indignant denunciations of Hastings's conduct, and the Nawab of Oude was looked upon in Europe as an ill-used gentleman: the fact being, that he was delighted his predecessor's widows, the Bhow Begum and another, should have been plundered and not he; for he was only his predecessor's son by adoption. When Lord Wellesley went to India, Oude was larger than England, and had always been the most faithful ally of the British. His Lordship rewarded its fidelity by annexing half of it to the Bengal presidency. He could not find any better way of recompensing the people for the good faith of their rulers than by putting them under his own government. [This is strictly true, as all Anglo-Indian history demonstrates, though the author evidently intended to level a sneer at *Koompanny Bahadur*.] The Marquis of Hastings borrowed two crores of rupees from Ghazi-ud-deen, that is, two millions of pounds sterling, and in return for the loan gave the Nawab a barren tract of land at the foot of the Himalayas, called the Terai—a tract conquered from Nepal—and with it the title of King. *His Highness the Nawab was changed into His Majesty the King*; and Ghazi was fain to be content, or, at all events, to appear so. It was in 1819 that Ghazi became the anointed of the Company; and in 1827 he was succeeded by his son Nussir, a young man of about thirty years of age when I visited Lucknow.

The courts of the puppet Indian potentates present a strange miscellany of European frippery and the immutable customs of the olden East; the contrast is often ludicrous, occasionally melancholy. "No one must approach an Eastern monarch empty handed." This is a truth stereotyped upon the earliest Assyrian monuments, and recorded in the very fugitive pages of our Oude "adventurer." After obtaining the sanction of the British resident to enter his Indian Majesty's service, and having duly promised not to meddle in the politics of Oude, not to mix himself in the intrigues of rival ministers, &c., our author was to appear before the King, who received him not in oriental state, but in easy European fashion.

I remained at the end of a walk [in the palace garden] to await his Majesty's arrival. My present, five gold mohurs [a mohur = 32s.], rested on the open palm of my hand, a fine muslin handkerchief being thrown over the hand between it and the pieces of gold. The palm of the left hand supported the right, on which the muslin handkerchief and the money were placed. In that attitude I awaited his Majesty. It was my first lesson in court etiquette; and I could not help thinking, as I stood thus, that I looked very like a fool. [How exquisitely candid!] My hat was resting on a seat hard by. I was uncovered, of course; and the day was sunny and hot. Before the King came round I was in an extempore bath. At length the party approached. His Majesty was dressed as an English gentleman, in a plain black suit, a London hat on his head. His face was pleasing in its expression, of a light, a very light sepia tint. His black hair, whiskers, and moustache contrasted well with the colour of the cheeks, and set off a pair of piercing black eyes, small and keen. He was thin and of middle height. As he approached, he conversed in English with his attendants. The King drew near, smiled as he approached me, put his left hand under mine, touched the gold with the fingers of his right hand, and then observed:—"So you have decided on entering my service." "I have, your Majesty," was my reply. "We shall be good friends. I love the English." So saying, he passed on, resuming his former conversation. I joined the attendants. "Put up your gold mohurs at once," whispered my friend, "or some of the natives will take them." They were slipped into my pocket forthwith. I took up my hat and followed the party into the palace. The rooms were generally large, and were ornamented with rich chandeliers and gaudily framed pictures in great numbers. Generally speaking, there was too great a crowding of objects in each. The effect was to bewilder rather than to please. The dining-room, the private dining-room, that used by the King when he had his intimate friends around him, was the only neat room in the palace. It was not over crowded: it differed from an English dining-room in no essential particular. Once a month his Majesty gave a public breakfast to the British officers of his regiments, who came for that purpose from the cantonments situated five miles from Lucknow, on the other side of the Goomty. Public dinners were also occasionally given to the resident and his friends; but all these formal parties were very irksome to the King. "Thank God!" I have heard him repeatedly say after being released from these ceremonious parties, "thank God, they are all gone! Now let us have a glass of wine in peace. Bopery bopp! [a phrase equivalent to "oh dear me"], but how stupid these things are." And with that his Majesty would yawn and stretch himself, and take off his jewelled cap and toss it to the other end of the room.

#### A ROYAL PRIVATE TUTOR IN OUDE.

The King valorously resolved over and over again to give up an hour a day to study; for he was anxious to speak English fluently. As it was, he was often obliged to eke out his sentences with a Hindustanee word. I have seen his Majesty sit down by the tutor—some books on the table before them—"Now, master (he always called his tutor master); now, master, we will begin in earnest." The tutor would read a passage from the "Spectator," or from some popular novel, and the King would read it after him. The tutor would read again. "Bopery bopp, but this is dry work!" would his Majesty exclaim, stretching himself, when it came to his turn to read again; "let us have a glass of wine, master." The glass of wine led to conversation, the books were pushed aside, and so the lesson ended. Such lessons seldom occupied more than ten minutes. The tutor got about fifteen hundred pounds a year for giving them.

Who would not like to be private tutor to a King of Oude? There appear to have been five European members of the King of Oude's household, and nice pickings they seem to have all made. There was the tutor, whose easy work and ample pay are enough to make many a hard-worked and scantily-paid private tutor in England die of envy; second, the librarian; third, the portrait painter; fourth, the captain of the body-guard; and fifth, the barber—the European barber—who, after Oriental precedents, appears to have been his Majesty's prime favourite. "Of these five," says the author, "I was one." Which one? This interesting and important fact the author leaves his readers to find out for themselves; and so we will hazard a guess that he was the portrait painter. We draw this inference from the relish with which our author dwells upon the beauty of form and colour, whether revealed in the contour of a nautch girl's limbs or the sleekness of a tiger's skin, the graceful grouping of a *tableau* of beauties in the hall, or the glowing tints of a tropical sky; besides, he always speaks of colours in terms applicable to the contents of a paint-box, e.g. sepia, lake, burnt umber, &c. The following is our author's

#### HISTORY OF THE BARBER.

He had come out to Calcutta as cabin-boy in a ship. Having been brought up as a hair-dresser in London, he had left his ship, on arriving in Calcutta, to resume his old business. He was successful: he pushed and puffed himself into notoriety. At length he took to going up the river with European merchandise for sale; he became, in fact, what is called there a river-trader. Arrived at Lucknow, he found a Resident—not the same who was there when I entered the King's service—anxious to have his naturally lank hair curled like the Governor-General's (Lord Elenborough.) The Governor-General was distinguished by his ringlets, and the Governor-General is, of course, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" in India. The Resident would be like him; and the river-trader was not above resuming his old business. Marvellous was the alteration he made in the Resident's appearance; and so the great sahib himself introduced the wonder-working barber to the King. That Resident is in England now, and writes M.F. after his name. The King had peculiarly lank straight hair; not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. The barber wrought wonders again, and the King was delighted. Honours and wealth were showered upon the lucky *coiffeur*. He was given a title of nobility. *Syfrax Khan* (illustrious chief) was his new name, and men bowed to him in Oude. The whilom cabin-boy was a man of power now, and wealth was rapidly flowing in upon him. The King's favourite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber had, however, other sources of profit open to him besides bribery; he supplied all the wine and beer used at the King's table. Every European article required at court came through his hands, and the rupees accumulated in thousands. "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour?" is a question as apt now in every oriental court as it was when the Jewish Queen (Esther) recorded it. Nussir put no bounds to the honours he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the King as a thing of right; nor would his Majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than his barber's. So afraid was his Majesty of being poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the King's table; and, before he opened it, the little man looked carefully at the seal to see that it was all right. He then opened it, and took a portion of a glass first before filling one for the King. Such was the etiquette at the royal table when I first took my place at it.

Subsequent events showed that what our anonymous author lightly calls "etiquette" was only prudent precaution on Nussir-ud-deen's and

his favourite barber's part, for shortly after the barber's dismissal from court, chiefly through the jealousy of the other European members of the royal household, the King's relatives did obtain access to the palace, and did actually poison the unfortunate King.

The barber was manifestly a pushing fellow; but what else were all his European colleagues at Oude? He was perhaps coarser, less up to conventionalisms, than his brother officials, who might consider themselves degraded by having a barber for their messmate. But we question whether the King of Oude did not look down upon all these squabbles among his European attendants with supreme disdain, much as an English duchess would regard a quarrel for precedence between a damsel of the still room and one of the kitchen. "If I am amused with my merry barber, and choose to have him at my table, why are these dull dogs to bark?" Can I not at pleasure purge my palace of the whole pack?" "But," urge the offended genteel ones, "the barber encouraged the King in drunken riot and indecent exhibitions. We wished him to take no more than a gentlemanly quantity of champagne and claret, and would have restrained the nautch girls to decorous voluptuousness." Miserable sophists! Despicable deception! Were not all these gentlemen sufficiently conversant with Oriental life to know that a Mahometan who once tastes wine is never moderate. If he abjures teetotalism, he becomes a drunkard. Your staid three-glasses-of-sherry-man is an animal of the Temperate Zone—his *habitat* is not the fiery East. We cannot acquit any of the King of Oude's European suite of culpability in their conduct towards their childish, weak, and wayward, but generous and good-humoured master. He professed a fondness for Europeans which he evidently felt; he imitated their customs, aped their dress and manners, looked up to them for instruction; and not a word of kindly advice or reasonable remonstrance appears to have ever dropped from any of his obsequious European attendants. The author candidly confesses that a thousand rupees per month were too valuable to him to be risked by offending the King; and therefore to "fool him to the top of his bent" seems to have been his and his colleagues' constant practice. To remonstrate with royalty anywhere, in any climate, under any circumstances, is a perilous and mostly "a losing office," and Oriental royalty has always been a testy thing, from Xerxes down to Nussir-ud-deen. The latter, however, certainly presented *molliora tempora fandi*, of which his European suite were never adroit nor kind enough to avail themselves for their generous misguided master's benefit. They have added another load to the huge pile of European responsibility in the East for neglected or misused opportunities of benefiting those on whose riches they were feeding. The author valiantly offers, if required, to publish the names of himself and his colleagues. We think he may as well leave them under the veil; for their conduct at Oude reflects no credit upon them as Christian gentlemen.

The book, however, is one just fitted for lazy readers in hot weather: its pages may be perused by a sofa-lounger without the slightest effort of mind, and present occasionally some new pictures. A considerable portion of the volume is taken up with descriptions of those combats of animals in which Oriental magnates so greatly delight, and on which our author dwells with a sanguinary satisfaction worthy of African Cumming himself. We have combats of trained partridges and quails upon the dinner-table; combats in the ring between tigers and elephants, buffaloes and tigers, elephants and elephants; a very brutal one between a savage horse—which ought to have been shot at once—and a tiger; camel fights; antelope fights; hawking; hunting deer by cheetahs and decoy stags—an almost endless variety of similar brutalities, miscalled sports. We will make no extracts from any of these descriptions except one, to show the superiority of a noble elephant to his brutal tormentors.

On occasion of the visit of the British Commander-in-Chief and the British Resident at Lucknow to the King, a magnificent state wild-beast fight was exhibited for the delectation (*proh pudor!*) of their Excellencies. His Majesty of Oude sat in full Oriental grandeur. "He wore his crown on the occasion; it was a new one, only lately made, with an elaborate display of jewellery, and a beautiful heron's plume, of snowy whiteness, bending gracefully over it.



He could act with dignity when he liked; and the contrast between the rich though softened amber colour of his countenance, and the glittering jewels and the delicate plume, was very imposing and pleasing to look upon. He wore on this occasion his Oriental dress, formed of the glittering kincobs of China silk of gold-like and silver-like appearance, glancing with every movement like burnished jewellery. It was a spectacle not easily forgotten." The first scene of the sanguinary show was a fight between two tigers, all the details of which are given with a minuteness quite sickening to us milkops, as the sporting author would perhaps call us. Among other "interesting" combats, as the strong-minded author styles them, was one between a favourite! elephant of the King's called Malleer, who had already lost one tusk, broken off in former combats, and another "formidable black fellow" of larger dimensions, but not of such pluck as the maimed veteran Malleer. The latter drives his antagonist into the river, which bounded one side of the arena.

Malleer was furious at this escape of his antagonist. His mahout [conductor who sits on his neck] wanted him to follow; but he knew that it was vain, or he was too savage to obey. He glanced round, wild with fury, to see what he could attack. His mahout, still urging him with no gentle strokes and with wild shouts to pursue, at length lost his balance in his excitement, as Malleer turned savagely about, and fell to the earth. He fell right before the infuriated beast whom he had been rendering more and more wild and ungovernable. We were not left in doubt as to his fate for a moment. We had just time to see that the man had fallen, and was lying on his back, with his limbs disordered, one leg under him and the other stretched helplessly out, whilst both arms were raised aloft, when we saw the huge foot of the elephant placed upon his chest, and heard the bones crackling as the whole body of the man was crushed into a shapeless mass! There was hardly time for a cry; the swaying of his form on the elephant's neck—his fall—the sound caused by his striking the elastic turf—the foot placed upon him, and the horrid crushing which followed—all was the work of an instant or two. But this did not sate the enraged animal. Still keeping his foot on the man's chest, he seized one arm with his trunk and tore it from the body. In another moment it was hurling high up in the air, the blood spurting from it as it whirled. It was a horrible sight. The other arm was then seized and similarly dealt with. We were all horrified, of course, at the untoward result of our sport, for which nobody was to blame but the elephant—[who came, of course, voluntarily to fight, and could not be supposed to feel the iron prong which his furious mahout drove into his neck to goad him to the conflict]—when our alarm was increased at seeing a woman rushing from the side whence Malleer had made his appearance, rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit. The Commander-in-chief stood up in the balcony, exclaiming: "Here will be more butchery, your Majesty. Can nothing be done to prevent it?" "It is the mahout's wife, I have no doubt," replied the King; "what can be done?" But the Resident had already given the order for the horsemen with their long spears to advance and lead off the elephant; given the order, but the execution of those orders was not an affair of a moment. Time was lost in communicating them; the men had to mount, they must advance cautiously, five on each side. By means of their long spears they conduct the *must* elephants about [must means that periodical state of excitement, named, *Anglicè*, at head] directing the spears against the trunk, which is tender, if the animal is wayward. They are of course expert horsemen, and must be prepared to gallop off at a moment's notice, should the animal slip past the spear and advance to attack. Whilst the spearmen were thus preparing to lead off the elephant, that is, mounting and then advancing cautiously from either side, the poor woman, reckless of consequences, was running towards the elephant. "O Malleer, Malleer! cruel savage beast! see what you have done," she cried; "here, finish our house at once; you have taken off the roof, now break down the walls; you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well, now kill me and his son." To those unaccustomed to India, this language may appear unnatural and ridiculous. It is precisely the sense of what she said; every word of it almost was long impressed upon my mind. The mahouts and their families live with the elephants they attend, and talk to them as to reasonable beings, in reproof, in praise, in entreaty, in anger. We expected to see the wild animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed. Malleer's rage was satiated, and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the shapeless carcase. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the ele-

phant to reproach him; whilst he stood as if conscious of his fault, looking sadly at her. Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had doubtless played with it often before; for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing between the legs of the elephant; it is no uncommon thing to see the elephant waving his trunk over it, allowing it to go to a little distance, and then tenderly bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would. In the mean time the spearmen were now advancing. They were mounted on active horses, accustomed to the work. They came up on either side, and, gently touching the proboscis of the elephant with the ends of their spears, indicated thus what they wanted. Malleer flapped back his long ears, and looked threateningly at them. He might let his mahout's wife pacify him; he was not to be led by them; you could see the determination in his eye. They touched him again, this time a little more sharply. He threw up his trunk, sounded out a defiant threat, and charged full upon those on his left. They were off in an instant, their horses scampering away with all speed, whilst Malleer pursued. The savage fury of the elephant was gradually returning, and when the band which he had attacked had leaped a wall and were off out of sight, he turned upon the other. It was now their turn to flee, which they did as nimbly as their companions, Malleer pursuing as fast as he could. "Let the woman call him off," shouted the King: "he will attend to her." She did so; and Malleer came back, just as a spaniel would at the call of his master. "Let the woman mount with her child and take him away," was the King's next order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted. Malleer gave her first the mutilated carcase, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck in her husband's place, and led him quietly away. From that day she was his keeper, his mahout; he would have no other. When most excited, when most wild, *must* or not *must*, she had but to command and he obeyed. The touch of her hand upon his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper. She could lead him without fear or danger to herself; and the authority which she had thus obtained, doubtless her son would possess after her.

When poor Chunee, being *must*, was shot about thirty years ago, at old Exeter Change, at his wildest moment of excitement, when Mr. Cross expected he would batter down the wall and charge into the Strand, his keeper, in his ordinary tone of voice, ordered him to kneel down; the poor brute obeyed, and in that submissive attitude received the fire of the corporal's guard summoned from Somerset House to dispatch him. The safety of many human lives demanded, perhaps, the sacrifice of poor Chunee; but woe to that man who wantonly, and for his vile amusement, torments so noble a creature, and shame upon those Europeans, whether commanders-in-chief or governors-general, civil or military potentates, who encourage Indian princes in such pastimes.

An idea of the "Private life of an Eastern King," who rejoices in a European household, and is ambitious of imitating European manners, may be easily conceived by watching the pranks of any young Indian nobleman let loose in London or Paris, with plenty of cash in his pocket. The late Dyce Sombre, in his earlier and more lucid days in this country, was no very exaggerated type of the class. Nussir-u-deen, by the showing of his unflattering biographer, was generous and no fool, but highly impulsive, impressionable, and wayward. He was eager to imitate everything European, and who can say that it was impossible to have convinced him that it is not a European fashion now for gentlemen to be carried drunk from their dinner-table day after day? At any rate, the charitable effort should have been made; but not a word appears to have been spoken, not a hint given, until the *soi-disant* genteel portion of the European household began to be annoyed by the high jinks in which the barber encouraged the King. That was low, and called for remonstrance; gentlemanly elevation was tolerable. Would not the tutor have acted more wisely as well as kindly towards his royal pupil by putting the trite maxim *principi obsta* into mild operation?

We dwell so long, perhaps some of our readers may think too long, upon the conduct of the King of Oude's European household; but we do so because we are aware that the Indian press of the day attributed many of the wild pranks and extravagances, whereby Nussir-u-deen shocked his Mahometan subjects, to the instigation, or, at any rate, countenance of his European familiars. Our author repudiates the charge; and the tone he adopts whenever referring to these charges induces a suspicion in our minds that this volume is a sort of tardy defence, put forth anonymously

by way of feeler, and to be followed up with the disclosure of names, &c, if the reception of his volume encourages the author to be more explicit. As we have already said, the volume will prove an agreeable companion in the tourist's carriage or in his sea-side lodgings. If we could afford space, we would give some more extracts, especially some illustrative of religious ceremonies in northern India, and upon the female Sepoys of the Mahometan princes, the remnants of the mighty Mogul dynasty. The most interesting parts of the volume to us are those which show how indelibly the spirit of the olden East has left its traces upon the minds of an existing generation; and how often we are startled amidst European hats—those eye-sores to "true believers"—European costumes and usages, by incidents which carry us back in imagination to the days of Cyrus and Ahasuerus. One day a native official, jealous of the King's preference of his European suite, intimated to his Majesty the impropriety of those gentlemen entering his presence with their shoes and boots on. "We never do. Your Majesty is somewhat condescending in allowing it. Believe me, your Majesty's august father, of happy memory, Ghazi-u-deen, the great and magnificent, would never have suffered it." Nussir-u-deen acutely enough replied that the removal of the hat was the European token of respect, and in that attitude his European attendants entered the presence of their native sovereign, while the Mahometan mark of respect was the removal of the slipper; but he proposed a compromise. He undertook that his Europeans should leave their shoes or boots at the door of the presence-chamber if the Mahometans would leave their turbans! This was of course a clincher, for a Mahometan would sooner suffer decapitation than voluntarily uncover his head. "The above conversation," observes our author, after reporting it in detail, "which surprised us all so much that the King got his secretary to make a note of it—for everything done at court is chronicled—will show that the King was no fool when he allowed his judgment and his reason to guide him.

Does not this chronicling of the King's words, this constant attendance of scribes for the purpose, remind us of the days of ancient Persia? But how would Ahasuerus have stared at the spectacle of an Oriental king, an occupant of the throne of Ackbar and Aurangzebe, reeling drunk in a tight black coat and a London hat? One more comparison between the distant past and the present, and we have done. Nussir-u-deen invites an uncle, whom he hated, to his table for the express purpose of mocking him: the old man is made, by mixing brandy in his Madeira, excessively drunk; his long moustaches are dexterously tied to the arms of his chair; fireworks are let off under him.

The legs of the unfortunate uncle were scorched and burnt; and he seized the arms of his chair with his hands and started to his feet. Two locks of hair were torn from his upper lip as he did so, and a portion of the skin with them. The blood flowed freely from the wound, and the drunkenness of the sufferer disappeared. He left the room, *thanking the King for his entertainment, and regretting that the bleeding of his nose prevented him from remaining.*

What classical reader can fail, upon perusing this narrative of a transaction which occurred within the last thirty years, to be reminded of one which came off while the great Cyrus was still a boy and the mighty Babylon was still towering in its pride, nearly two thousand five hundred years ago? Astyages, King of the Medes, invited Harpagus, a courtier who had offended him, to a banquet at which the flesh of his own son, artistically dressed as a kid, was served up to him. After Harpagus had eaten heartily the King asked how he liked his supper. The courtier had never supped so well: upon which an attendant approached with a dish, on uncovering which he displayed the head and hands of the slaughtered boy. The King insultingly demanded whether he recognised the flesh of the animal on which he had been feeding. Harpagus, on seeing the remains of his son, was not startled but self-possessed, to use the historian's very words, and replied that whatever the King did was pleasing to him. The abject creature then calmly retired to his house, to bury, as Herodotus says, the relics of his son. Where is the difference between the court of Ecabana in the sixth century before Christ and that of Lucknow in the nineteenth century after Christ?

*Black's Tourist's Guide to Devonshire, including Cornwall and the Scilly Islands. With Map.* Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1855.

*Black's Guide to the Island of Skye. With Map.* Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1855.

EXCELLENT additions to Messrs. Black's very valuable series of *Guide-Books*. The latter, in addition to the usual information, contains a sketch of the geology of the Cuchullin Hills, from the pen of Dr. James Forbes, and also of the geology of Loch Staffin, by the late Professor Edward Forbes. No tourist should be without a perfect series of Messrs. Black's *Guide-Books*.

*Treasures in Needlework.* By Mrs. WARREN and Mrs. PULLAN. London: Ward and Lock.

A TREASURE, indeed. Here is a whole volume, closely printed, lavishly adorned with woodcuts, and comprising some 500 pages, superbly bound with gilded leaves,—a gem of a book, devoted entirely to needlework. Of course, we cannot undertake to pronounce upon it critically, for, although a critic is supposed to know everything, we must reluctantly confess the most entire ignorance of needlework in any of its branches, beyond sewing on a button, which we once did on an emergency when touring in the Alps. Our lady readers will, doubtless, revel in this volume; and how their bright eyes will grow brighter as they wander over the pages, we can better imagine than describe. We turn from it in despair of doing it justice. We can but say, in the old phrase, it needs only to be seen to be bought.

*The Kitchen Garden; or, the Culture in the Open Ground of Roots, Vegetables, Herbs, and Fruits.* By EUGENE SEBASTIAN DELAMER. London: G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

MR. DELAMER, already known as the author of useful text-books upon rabbits, flax and hemp, &c. &c., here presents, in a cheap, useful, and intelligible form, a vast amount of serviceable knowledge about the kitchen garden. The best mode of laying out a piece of ground (illustrated by a plan); the best system of cropping; the use of garden-tools; together with all things necessary to know in the cultivation of esculent roots, bulbs, vegetables, herbs, and fruits, will be found in this little volume. There is a very valuable chapter upon salad plants, and an interesting account of certain tuberous vege-

tables, which are as yet the subjects of horticultural experiment. The Oca (*Oxalis crenata*), or notched wood-sorrel, is a Peruvian plant, which has been known in this country since 1829. The tubers are numerous and large, and contain a large amount of saccharine matter. The plant yields a very abundant crop. The Chinese potato or yam (*Dioscorea batatas*) is a more recent importation, and the horticultural publications have been lately occupied with a full discussion of its merits. Recent experiments with this plant in France have been highly successful; and some eminent horticulturists have gone so far as to predict that it has a chance of replacing the potato as an esculent root. Now that the potato disease has declared itself so ineradicably over the whole kingdom, these researches into the vegetable kingdom become of great national importance.

*The Handbook to the Flower Garden.* By GEORGE GLENNY, F.H.S. London: G. Cox, 18, King-street.

THE fact that a third edition has been called for, and that its instructions for the culture of florists' flowers remain substantially as they were in former editions—such few transpositions and additions only having been made as were necessary to adapt them to the plan of arrangement now adopted—prove the utility and popularity of this well-arranged and compact little work. Herein will be found all that a florist who is content with the best, the least troublesome, and the most popular of floral beauties, can desire to know; and the information is conveyed in the plainest of language, the author having thoroughly succeeded in avoiding that mystery and affectation of learning too common in works of the kind. Of all Mr. Glenny's useful and sensible garden books none strike us as more solid or exhaustive than this. It has fairly deserved its success.

THE fifth volume of the *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers* contains three of his ablest, if not his most eloquent, productions—"The Natural Theology," the "Lectures on Butler's Analogy," and his "Essay on Cuvier's Theory of the Earth." It is one of Dr. Chalmers's many claims upon the veneration of posterity that he has done more than any other man to reconcile religion with science, the Word of God with His works. He wisely accomplished this by not insisting upon a literal reading of passages designed allegorically,

or as illustrations rather than as actual revealings. He has thus removed what was a stumbling-block in the path of multitudes.

Dr. Wm. Macleod, who resides at Ben-Rhydding, has published a pamphlet on *Hydro-therapeutics, or the Water Cure*, viewed as a branch of medical treatment. The treatment he describes he has himself pursued at the establishment near Otley, in Yorkshire; and he details a vast number of cases which seem to indicate how successful it is. It differs from other works of its class in this—that it is not purely empirical. He gives physiological reasons for the results.

The fourth volume of *Burke's Works*, now in course of publication in "Bohn's British Classics," contains his famous state-papers on Indian affairs; his reports of the Select Committees; and the Articles of Impeachment against Warren Hastings.

To his "Classical Library" Mr. Bohn has added a translation, by Mr. J. S. Watson, correctly and carefully rather than elegantly done, of *Cicero on Oratory and Orators*, with the *Letters to Quintus and Brutus*.

## PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

THE *Ladies' Companion* for September has more than its usual variety of light pleasant papers and poetry, with an engraving of "Rabbits," by H. Weir, and a coloured print of the fashions as displayed upon the persons of two very pretty girls.

The 11th part of *Harry Courdale's Courtship* will serve perhaps to fill up the monthly vacuum produced by the retirement of Thackeray and Dickens. It contains some smart writing and pictures of life as it is.

The *Art Journal* for September completes The Vernon Gallery, with Uwins's "Vintage in the South of France." But besides this there is an engraving of Canaletti's Dogana in Venice, from the Royal Gallery, one of those thoroughly Venetian scenes which once beheld is never forgotten; and Caracci's "Silence" from the same collection. Hilton is the British Artist selected for illustration; and there are several large woodcuts of his pictures admirably engraved, and no less than thirty engravings of objects of art in the Paris Exhibition, and all for half-a-crown—not the value of one of the engravings. It is the cheapest publication in Europe, and not only cheap, but good—a rare combination.

## EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

### KNELLER-HALL.

THIS important training college is about to be closed; its educational days at least are numbered; and great have been the rejoicings of a section of obstructives, who delight much in the prefix *anti*, and whom we may not unjustly term anti-educationalists. An institution so well situated for salubrity and proximity to the metropolis, so well provided with educational appliances, conducted by a gentleman of such acquirements and energy as Mr. Temple, and seconded by talented assistants, open also nearly gratuitously to students of ordinary diligence—an institution like this, with the further prestige of government connection, must have other causes for imperfect success than the fact of its being an institution fostered by Government, which the acute reasoners of the ultra-voluntary school would have us believe.

We need not, however, look very far for the causes of failure in regard to the number of students trained; and that is the only defect urged against Kneller-hall. It has trained a staff of teachers thoroughly efficient for the discharge of their duties; indeed, this normal college has distinguished itself among the most successful for results in the work of training. Most of the teachers from Kneller-hall filled their intended positions as teachers in reformatory and union schools. A legal agreement on the part of the student to continue not less than five years in his special vocation was proposed, but in only one instance, we believe, enforced. The feeling of gratitude for such an education does not appear, however, to have been strong enough to induce many of these teachers to continue in their vocation for the specified number of years. How was this? Simply, we apprehend, from the absence of any attractions and the presence of much that was repulsive in the union schools to which they were sent. Some of the young men actually made their escape, as from a prison, from situations to which they had looked forward with

hope. We may say a great deal as to what men ought to do; but an ordinary experience of human nature will convince any one that it is unreasonable to expect a man with a head on his shoulders to work contentedly for the pittance of 20l. or 30l. a-year, with rations! In addition to which the schoolmaster was in many cases annoyed and humiliated by the ignorant surveillance and BUMBLE discipline of an uncultivated official, who was frequently seconded by obtuse guardians in the aim of keeping the poor teacher in as abject a state of flunkeyism as was possible. It was certainly very difficult, under such circumstances, for a teacher to render his *quid pro quo* in regard to the expenses of his training, or to resist advantageous commercial offers of more lucrative, comfortable, and what we regret that general opinion yet regards as more respectable employment. However reprehensible indeed may be the desertion of the object for which these students were specially trained, we do not see why they should be judged more severely than the young men from other normal schools, as the education in most of these institutions has been nearly as gratuitous as at Kneller-hall; and the vast number of teachers who have been trained, but have relinquished the vocation, is indeed astonishing. The records of our largest educational societies prove that for one teacher who continues in the profession, twenty have left it. The cause of this is as obvious as that for the diminution of handloom weavers; they can get a better living in other employments. Lawyers, doctors and clergymen generally remain in their respective professions, unless they are brought into proximity with a newly discovered goldfield, when, like other specimens of humanity, they doff gown and robe, throw physic to the dogs, shoulder spade and mattock, and do not regard shovelling as *infra dig*. It would really be absurd to expect schoolmasters, more than any other class, to possess a monopoly of self-devotion and other self-denying virtues.

A few years ago it was a subject of just com-

plaint that the education of pauper children was lamentable and discreditable. Surely voluntary effort and local self-government had plenty of time to remedy this evil. We believe that it was owing to the Government that the necessity for any education to these neglected pauper children was insisted on. At first indeed Government interfered as little as possible, and merely required the guardians of a union to select a schoolmaster. In many cases these gentlemen appear to have made such a selection on the ground of in-competency. The poor man chosen for a schoolmaster might have done valiant service as wood-chopper or porter, but his main qualification often consisted in his being himself an object of charity. Under such circumstances we need not be surprised that the Government Inspectors found the education of the poor little ones to be painfully ludicrous. Better schoolmasters were indispensable: there was no hope of these being forthcoming, from the paucity of numbers that attended the then indifferent normal schools. Government was thus driven to devise some expedient for the supply of teachers: Kneller-hall was for this purpose established, and was perfectly successful in training efficient schoolmasters for the special service of unions and reformatory schools. It was soon found that there would be a considerable waste of teaching power and expenditure in confining an efficient schoolmaster to the teaching of some twenty or thirty children of a single union, and, for this as well as other important reasons, the formation of large district schools was contemplated, in which children from several unions might be collected, and not only economically taught, but effectually removed from the contaminating influences of adult paupers. This most essential part of the plan, like many others intrusted to our late halting administration, was never carried out, and hence the failure of Kneller-hall. Of course, it would be useless to keep up a manufactory for cannons if gunpowder be unattainable, or to train horses to draw a



barrow-load, if harness and cart be denied. Kneller-hall, turned out some scholastic steam-engines; but the load that each engine was constructed to draw was never affixed, and in lieu thereof each engine was kept on a short allowance of coke to move a few small parcels. This is, however, our general practice in regard to the training of teachers. We are at the expense of making engines for other companies' lines. So far as the training of efficient teachers was concerned, Kneller-hall was perfectly successful; indeed, the very qualification of the students was complained of by one class of objectors. The sooner, however, we have courage to look at one fact, not merely from the example of Kneller Hall but from the general practice, the better—that, unless all classes of elementary schoolmasters be paid very much better than at present, there will be but little hope of the worthy and talented members remaining in a profession to which we owe so much more of honour as well as of emolument than we now give.

*Lessons in General Knowledge.* By ROBERT JAMES MANN, M.D., F.R.A.S., &c. London: Longman and Co.

This book is a type of many others, that are inaccurate, unintelligible, and in many instances nonsensical, through an abortive attempt to write down to the capacities of youth. Many foolish people, after failing at everything else, fancy they can turn schoolmasters, without the least doubt of success. Many writers also deem it the easiest thing in the world to write books for children, for which they adopt a style intended to be familiar and attractive; but which is, in reality, artificial, involved, obscure, and frequently inaccurate. This is no unfair characteristic of the book before us, which is also as unfit for its intended purpose of an elementary reading book as one can well conceive. From the lucid and well-arranged little books on Physiology by Dr. Mann, a book very different to the present careless attempt might have been expected. We select a few examples of the loose logic, obscure and misleading expressions which pervade many of the lessons. Speaking of the earth, the author says:—

When men go quite round it, they discover neither pillars nor chains anywhere. There is nothing but the same empty space all around. Consequently (!) the earth is always falling through space.

We need scarcely remark that the earth is not always falling, in the sense that a child would attach to the term; but why this falling should be in consequence of there being "nothing but empty space all round," would puzzle a Newton to explain. If, indeed, there were "nothing but empty space all round," the earth would consequently neither fall nor rise, but remain perfectly quiescent, unless some motion had been primarily given to it. The truth is, that a child here requires the relative terms *up* and *down*, which he associates with *to* and *from* the earth, to be explained as limited to the earth's surface, and not erroneously extended to objects beyond it. The statement of the mere fact that the position of the heavens to which the head points at noon the feet will point to at night, or the common illustration of sticking pins in various parts of an orange, would be sufficient to induce correct ideas on this subject. This "falling" notion, however, seems to be a favourite one with our author, who continues:—

The earth is always falling through space, with a velocity of 1100 miles in the minute, and yet it never gets further from the sun. This is because the sun has the power of directing the fall, so that it is constantly round itself.

Now, as Mr. Winkle said of his unintelligible horse, "What can he mean?" We may ask, what is it that is constantly round itself? Was ever the attractive force explained by such a phrase as "directing the fall?" The ideas that a child gains from experience of objects falling to the earth when unsupported, are by Dr. Mann erroneously extended to the earth as a whole, and also to the sun; they fall, according to our author, because unsupported by "chains or pillars!" We should not like to answer for the clearness of conception a child would have on the subject after reading such explanations.

"Indeed," the author continues "the earth and sun are both falling;" to which we may also say indeed! "As the earth falls, it spins, too, upon itself, just as a cricket ball does when struck through the air." If "twirled" were substituted

for "struck" the sentence would be correct, as a ball does not of necessity spin when merely struck.

Men and all other objects stationed on the ground are, of course, carried along with the advancing surface. When men look at the stars, they are sensible of the fact [certainly, this seems highly probable], for they then notice that they are continually getting into places whence they can see these shining objects, and then moving on into others in which the earth's dense surface is put before them. So in the same way with regard to the sun; they are constantly being carried into sunshine, and thence round into the shadow which lies behind the earth.

We have not time to grope through the "palpable obscure" of this passage, but cannot help denying the conclusion of the following:—

If the earth did not spin upon itself, one half of its surface would be for ever turned away from the sun and in darkness, while the other half would bask in warm sunshine for ever.

Every intelligent schoolboy knows that if the earth's motion on its axis were to cease, the sun's light and heat would be diffused to each part of the earth's surface once, during its annual motion; in other words, the day would be a year in duration: the only condition in which one half of the earth's surface could be in perpetual cold and darkness, would be that, like the moon in regard to the earth, it should turn on its axis just in the same time it performed its journey round its superior body.

The earth has been made to spin as it sweeps through space, in order that all parts of its vast surface may enjoy by turns the advantage of sunlight [very good, but spoiled by the illustration], just as a roasting fowl is made to *twist*, that all its parts may feel the fire in succession.

Poor thing! Not a very pleasing way this of inducing a boy to "love the merry merry sunshine."

Then we have the awkward phrase "formed the thought;" and when we remark that we have hitherto only referred to two pages, the reader may judge of the hasty manner in which this book is written. In the opening paragraph we have a wrong idea confirmed—"the land or sea seems to end where it touches the sky"—which might of course have been easily corrected by such a phrase as *appears to touch*. Portions of the earth's substance, the author informs us, "are dug up, made into square shapes, and baked hard by fire." Here we have an awkward and incorrect leading to the idea of bricks for building. Again, speaking of the air, the author says: "so soon as it begins to move, it is very rough and strong." Every child's experience of a gentle breeze will contradict this, and he should be rather impressed with the truth that the air is never absolutely at rest. "The air is really a heavy substance, although it seems to be so light." Can any statement be more careless or erroneous? "Moreover, dense bodies are heavier than thin ones." The word *thin* here is loose and incorrect. Electricity, we are told, in passing "through bodies that attempt to oppose its progress, rends them to pieces or shatters them into fragments." We leave the author to explain the difference of these results.

*English Roots and the Derivations of Words from the Ancient Anglo-Saxon.* By EDWARD NEWENHAM HOARE, A.M., Dean of Waterford. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.

THE contents of the little volume before us were originally delivered by Dean Hoare in the form of lectures before the Waterford Mechanics' Scientific Institution, of which he is the Vice-President. These lectures were composed with the view of presenting, in a popular form, the present state of philological knowledge so far as regards the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The author declares that he was induced to deliver these lectures through the interest excited in his own mind by the perusal of Verstegan's "Restitution of decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation;" and frankly confesses that it is to this scarce work that he is mainly indebted for the information contained in the Lectures, which is so valuable and interesting that we shall make no apology for extracting some of the more curious points.

When the Saxons invaded Britain they called themselves *Anglo-Saxons*, and the land which they inhabited before that event was called *Anglo-land*, or *Angle-land* (from *ang*, a narrow strip),

from the configuration of the territory which they occupied. The Danes introduced some Danish words into the language; but it was the invasion of the Norman-French that caused the greatest revolution in the English tongue. As the Saxons were then put to do the manual labour, all the terms of agriculture and husbandry were taken from their language; while the weapons of war and the products of labour, when fitted for consumption and enjoyment, had Norman names.

The word "agriculture" is indeed of Latin derivation, but we have the Saxon word "husbandry" signifying the same thing; while tillage, ploughing, sowing, reaping, threshing, winnowing, mowing, and harvest, are all Saxon words; as are also the plough, the spade, the rake, the scythe, the reaping-hook; with grass, hay, straw, meadow, field, barn, corn, wheat, oats, barley, and many others. The animals in the field are called by their Saxon names; but those which are used for food are, when killed and cooked for table, called by their Norman-French names. Thus the cow becomes "beef," the sheep "mutton," the calf "veal," the deer "venison," the pig, hog, or swine "pork," and the fowl, ducks, and chickens "poultry." This arose from the circumstance of the Saxons rearing the live stock, while the Normans cooked and ate the animal food.

The days of the week are all Saxon, while the names of the months are taken from the Latin. Dean Hoare accounts for this by the ingenious explanation that the Saxons were *day labourers*. The same thing is noticeable in words connected with manufacture:—

The word "manufacture" itself is derived from the Latin, signifying made with the hand, but we have the Saxon name corresponding to this, when we speak of "handicraft" trades. Words referring to these are almost all Saxon, as builder, stone-cutter, bricklayer, smith, shoemaker, ship-wright, cart-wright; as also the words timber, stone, brick, slate, leather, gold, silver, lead, iron, glass, wood, cloth, &c. &c. The term "smith" was applied to all trades which called for the use of the hammer. It means *smitheth*, or beats. Thus we have the "goldsmith," &c. Formerly a carpenter was called a *wood-smith*; the present name of this smiter, both with the hammer and the hatchet, being of French origin. It is observable that the "tailor" is also called by a name derived from the French, who have always excelled in fashionable dressmaking for both sexes.

All terms used in scientific warfare are of foreign origin:—

Thus we have sieges, manoeuvres, trenches, tactics, marches, invasions, assaults, escalades, encampments, columns, batteries, fortifications, battalions, bombardments, and so forth; as also the words military, naval, artillery, militia, cavalry, commissariat, grenadiers, and infantry; the last originally applied to troops commanded by a Spanish prince, entitled the "Infant" of Spain, being the heir apparent to the throne of that kingdom.

Most nautical phrases are, however, Saxon—a strong proof of the national character of the naval profession:—

The following are Saxon words, viz.:—ship, boat, boom, boltsprit or bowsprit, helm, stern, bows, mast, spars, sails, hold, lading, hatch-way, ropes, tar, hawser, wheel, porthole, keel, needle, lead, ladder, hull, shrouds, docks, and rudder. We have also from the Saxon the skipper, the midshipman, the sailor, the mate, the boatswain, the crowsnest, the steward, the steersman, and the crew. Of sea terms and phrases, we have, of Saxon derivation, luff, thwart, starboard, larboard, leeward, abaft, and aft (of which, in ordinary use, we have the comparative *after*). Sailors speak of a *taut* rope, such being the word used by Chaucer for tight; they speak of the *neap* and *full* tides, and of their *ebbing* and *flowing*; they *reef* the sails, they *tug* vessels taken in tow; they call the progress of the ship its way, and this they reckon by *knots*; they *stow* away their goods, they *row* with oars, they *trim* the ship, they *man* the yards, they speak of so many *hands* on board, and they give "a *long pull*, a *strong pull*, and a *pull altogether*"—all Saxon words.

The word *shire* signifies *share*, or *division*; and *cliff* is connected with *cleft*, from the appearance of the face of a rock. Not so conclusive is the Dean's derivation of the phrase "bound in boards," from the old fashion of binding books in wooden boards. The phrase is of comparatively modern origin, and obviously arose from the use of cardboard or millboard, so called from their hardness and resemblance to real boards.

*Wold* was Saxon for *forest*, and thence, doubtless, *wood*. *Bait* and *bite* are closely connected. *Neck* is from *nicken*, to bend, and thence also *knee* and *knuckle*. *Thigh* is the thick part of the leg; and *calf* is a little thigh, as a calf is a little cow.

Animals derive their names from their habits

and functions. *Horse* is from the Saxon *hyrsian*, to obey; *sheep* from *scofan*, to shove or drive. *Birds* are so called from their breadth of wing. The word was originally *bridd*, and came from *broaden*, to spread abroad. *Sparrow* is from *spyrrian*, to search; *Hawk*, from *havoc*, and so on. The common names of almost all animals, birds, fishes, and trees and fruits, are of Saxon origin; but Dean Hoare makes what we conceive to be a strange mistake when he asserts that pine, vine, and fig are so. Surely these are from Latin roots.

*Chepe* is Saxon for a market; and thence comes *chapman* and to *cheapen*. The points of the compass are four Saxon words, signifying to dry up, to warm, to wet, and to be stormy. *Seethe* is from *south*. Does not the lecturer make a slight mistake when he asserts *moustache* to be a French word originally? The word is really derived (as indeed many other French words are) from the Greek. The existence of a Phœnician colony at Marseilles is sufficient to account for this Greek element in the Gallic tongue.

One of the most curious points in these lectures is the assertion that what we are in the habit of calling Irishisms or brogue are nothing more than the old method of pronouncing English. Thus *kilt* is used for *killed* in Chaucer; and *spilt* is still a word in common use. In both Chaucer and Spencer *creature* is constantly made to rhyme with *nature*, *save with leave*, and *break with bleak*, *speak*, and *weak*. Indeed, the *ea* is still pronounced like *a* in many English words; as *great*, *wear*, *bear*, *heart*, &c. Even Pope has—

There, in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,  
See the false scale of happiness complete.

Cowper also, in his "Alexander Selkirk:"

I'm monarch of all I survey,  
My right there none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Not only the *ea*, but also the *e* sole, had to be pronounced occasionally like *a*. It is vulgar now to say *servant* and *clergy*; but we still have *clark*, and *sargeant*; and Sheridan, in his "Pronouncing Dictionary," gives *marchant* as the correct pronunciation. Referring to the question of brogue, the lecturer relates an amusing anecdote, to the effect that at a dinner-party given shortly after the Act of Union the Speaker in *esse* of the English House of Commons and the *ex*-Speaker of Ireland happened to meet, and a question arose as to how they should be addressed. An Englishman present suggested that the latter should be called *Mr. Spaker*; and, upon an Irish gentleman firing up at this, as a reflection upon his country, it was explained, that, as the functions of the *ex*-official were no longer exercised, he would be better described by the past tense, as one who *spake*.

Many proper names are Saxon or Teutonic. Thus, Edward and Edgar is a *keeper of his word*; Bernard, a *bear's heart*, and so on. *Mond* is mouth; so Edmond is *mouth of truth*. William is very old German—*Gild-helme*, from the gilded helmets which the German warriors occasionally captured from the Romans. Ethel signifies *noble*, and is the foundation of many Saxon names. The vast majority of English surnames are derived either from Christian names, as Peters, Johnson, &c.; or from trades, as Smith, Bowyer, Fisher; or from dignities, as Lord, Bishop, King; or from places of residence, as Wood, Lane, Hill, and Field; or from the towns in which the family arose, as Newton, Wakefield, Preston, &c. Some take their names from brutes, as Lion, Lamb, and Fox; others from birds, as Woodcock, Crow, Drake; others from fish, as Roach and Salmon; others from the vegetable kingdom, as Rose and Thorn; others from the colour of their complexions, as White, Brown, and Grey; others from personal qualities, as Short, Long, Little, and Strong, and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

At the close of the lectures, Dean Hoare gives some very interesting calculations respecting the preponderance of Saxon over words of foreign derivation in different English authors. In the first verse of Gray's "Elegy" he declares that the only word not purely Saxon is "parting." Is not day (*dies*) in the same position? And what is "tolls" derived from, if not *tollo*? The three other lines are certainly very pure. It is stated that if the English language be divided into one hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon, thirty would be Latin (including French), five would be Greek, the remaining five from the other languages of the world. Bearing this in mind, it is easy to determine the comparative amount of Saxon in different authors. Cowper's "John

Gilpin" has only three words to the hundred not Saxon. In Hamlet's advice to the players (containing about 1000 words) scarcely one-tenth are of foreign derivation, and in the soliloquy "To be or not to be," the proportion is the same. In Byron's beautiful poem, "The Destruction of Sennacherib," only one word in twelve is not of Saxon origin. Take Dr. Johnson on the other hand, and we find that in a sentence upon *Discontent*, containing one hundred and nine words, thirty-seven are of foreign derivation. The proportion of foreign words generally to be found in Johnson is about one-third; that in Milton about one-thirtieth.

Although this little book neither is or pretends to be such an important contribution to philology as *The Diversions of Purley*, it is, nevertheless, a most useful compendium of that branch of learning; and while the scholar may peruse it with interest and profit, it will not be found out of place among the lesson-books of a school.

*Romæ and Modern Greek compared with one another and with Ancient Greek.* By JAMES CLYDE, M. A. 8vo. pp. 61. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. 1855.

A short and striking tract upon a novel and interesting subject. Its object is to point to the essential difference between Romæ, which in one or other of its numerous dialects is the vernacular of the Greeks; and Modern Greek, which is the language of modern Greek literature. The two are constantly confounded in this country; and it has been Mr. Clyde's aim to draw the attention of English scholars to those distinctive points in each which have already been recognised in Germany and France.

The present and future of the language and literature of the Greeks is not a mere question of investigation for the linguist, but concerns likewise the politician. Whatever may be the result of the present contest in the East, and however unfavourable the light in which the Greek people have been placed by the peculiarity of their position in relation to Turkey, it is certain the question of a Greek nationality and a Greek empire is one which is daily growing in importance. It is one of the evidences of this growth that we find so determined an effort being made to re-establish a common language for the Hellenic race, combining the traditional beauty of their ancient literature with modifications adapting it to present habits of thought, and therefore to present use.

Mr. Clyde has fitted himself, by a residence at Athens, for the task which he has undertaken and successfully executed. His style is clear, and his arguments carefully and convincingly stated; and he has accomplished a work of great value at the right moment and in the right way. Our future relations with the Hellenic race are likely to be of such a character as to render the study of their language of considerable moment; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Clyde may be induced, by the success of his present *brochure*, to compile a grammar of Modern Greek suitable for those who may wish to acquire the elements of the language.

The state, both of education and of literature, disclosed by Mr. Clyde, is highly creditable to so small a kingdom, and indicates that the judgment of those who have condemned the resuscitation of Greece in 1824 as a failure has been a hasty and unjust conclusion, and that the elements of national regeneration exist, and are being gradually combined and matured, so as to afford good hope for the future. Athens, with a population somewhat over 30,000, possesses about twenty newspapers, of which four are published twice, and the rest once a week; there are also seven monthly periodicals, literary and scientific. This list evidences a high degree of mental activity, and is an assurance of a rapid progress and development of the national literature.

*Scriptural History Simplified.* By Miss CORNER. London: Dean and Son.

This useful little book has had the benefit of the late Dr. Kitto's help in preparing it for the press, and may therefore be relied upon as an accurate and unsectarian introduction to the study of the Scriptures. It is very gratifying to find that by such books as these the testimony which modern discovery and research bear to Holy Writ is presented to youthful minds; from this we are justified in anticipating increasingly correct apprehensions of Scriptural terms and circumstances. The erroneous impressions induced by a hasty and superficial knowledge of the literal sense of Scripture every one would desire to see removed at an early age. We think that some of our Transatlantic

adult brethren would also do well to ponder on such an answer as the following, to a question respecting the treatment of slaves, who were protected from ill-usage "by the beneficent laws of the great prophet, which enjoined that they should rest on the Sabbath-day, and should join in the family festivities; and it appears that they were allowed to acquire and hold some little property as their own. Hence their bondage was light, and, if ill-used, they were entitled to their freedom at once." The authoress further explains that by various accidental circumstances besides the recurrence of the Sabbathical year, bond-servants were raised to an equality with their masters.

*Readings in Science and Literature.* By DANIEL SCRYMGEOUR. (Third edition.) Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1855.

The fact of a third edition proves the popularity of this useful class-book. The plan upon which it is arranged is excellent. Dividing human knowledge into science and literature, carefully selected passages from the best authors are given, illustrating the present state of natural philosophy and letters. By this means the pupil gains a knowledge not only of facts, but of style; besides which he learns suggestively who are the best authorities upon the various branches of knowledge. After examining the selections under the head of Astronomy and the Solar System, we must confess to some surprise at seeing the hypothesis as to the inhabitation of the planetary and stellar bodies treated as if it were unquestioned. Dr. Whewell's powerful work on the Plurality of Worlds is at least of sufficient importance to place this within the range of moot questions.

*Introductory Text-book of Geology.* By DAVID PAGE, F.G.S. (Second Edition.) W. Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

RECENT discoveries in this branch of science have rendered necessary a second edition of this excellent geological primer, which for completeness, compactness, and cheapness, is the best book of the kind with which we are acquainted.

*Lyrics for Youth.* By GEORGE BENNETT. London: Mozley. Epworth: Read and Co.

This little volume will be welcome to the youth of both sexes; it occupies a place hitherto but scantily furnished, between the poetry of the infant-school and that for the adult. Much of our juvenile poetry may be suitable for very little folk, but is too childish for the majority of youthful readers, most of whom have obtained powers of reflection, with a considerable amount of information.

The little volume before us contains fifty little poems, many of which may be read with profit, as all may be with pleasure, by those of mature years. A healthy aspiring tone, together with a spirit of philanthropy tempered by good sense, are the main characteristics of this pleasing book. Many of the songs have been adapted for school purposes, harmonised in three parts, and are well-known favourites in our public elementary schools. The following example, whose title is a familiar proverb, will indicate the spirit and tone of this useful collection:—

If health you would gain to lengthen your days,  
And shed a bright sunshine o'er life's rugged ways;  
If wealth you'd obtain to better your state,  
And stand among men the honour'd and great;  
If wisdom more precious than all you'd acquire,  
And lift up the mind from each worthless desire—  
Then early to bed and early to rise  
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

Yes, early to bed, though rev'lers may sit,  
With feasting and waste, and more folly than wit;  
Though fashion's false glare and hollow display  
Turn day into night, and night into day;  
If labour or study improve well the light,  
Thrice welcome repose and the stillness of night;  
Then early to bed and early to rise  
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

Then early we'll rise, for morn's the best time,  
The glory of nature, life's happiest prime;  
The head then is clear, the spirits are free,  
Each duty's perform'd with ardent and glee.  
And they who in youth make the morning their own  
Add years to their lives far the brightest they've known;  
Then early to bed and early to rise  
Will make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

*A School Atlas of Astronomy.* By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., &c. Edited by J. R. HIND, F.R.A.S. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

LIKE Mr. Johnston's other atlases, characterised by accuracy, beauty, and completeness. The illustrations are very admirable, comprising nearly twenty engravings, printed in colours, and producing singularly beautiful effects. The descriptive letter-press, by Mr. Hind, is well worthy of the plates, and presents us with the state of astronomy up to, we may almost say, the last few weeks, as it includes the planet Leucothea, discovered 19th April, 1855. The care and attention devoted to this work render it most useful to the advanced astronomical student as well as to the beginner.



*Exercises and Problems in Algebra, with Answers and Hints to the Solutions.* W. and R. Chambers. 1855. (Chambers's Educational Series.)

*The Same, without Answers.*

The title sufficiently indicates the nature of this little manual. It is a well-selected collection of algebraical problems, and is intended as a companion to the larger text-book of Algebra which forms part of Messrs. Chambers's Educational Course.

The same collection is also published *without answers or hints*, to suit the opinions of such teachers as prefer a text-book so constructed.

*How to Speak French.* By ACHILLE ALBITES, LL.B. London: Longman and Co.

WITH this useful little book the veriest tyro may acquire a thorough insight into the French language. The difficulties are not, as in many books, evaded, but explained; and, by a judicious blending of conversations with as much practical grammar as is needed in every page, the progress is rendered solid and systematic, as it cannot fail to be rapid and inviting. Much valuable assistance is supplied by foot-notes explanatory of idiomatic and other peculiarities. The pronunciation is, in most cases, indicated as correctly as it can be done in print. The rules for ascertaining French genders are clever and compact.

*Oral Exercises in French Phraseology.* By H. S. TURRELL. London: Relfe, Brothers.

THE study of synonymy is as necessary as the grammar of a language, and this is particularly the case with a language so remarkably idiomatic as the French. The advanced student will find Turrell's *French Phraseology* of great service in guiding him through the delicate distinctions as well as broad differences that characterise various French words which may be represented by one expression in English. Instead of the dull and comparatively profitless task of directing the memory to an isolated

word and its meaning, by learning these phrases the word will be associatively remembered with the phrase in which its true use was shown; the power of accurate discrimination also thus induced cannot be too highly esteemed.

The alphabetical arrangement of this book will make it as valuable for reference as for study; it will be of indispensable service where such works as the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* or Tarver's "Phraseological French Dictionary" are inaccessible.

*Lecture on the Method of Teaching Grammar, &c.* By JAMES TILLEARD, F.R.G.S. London: Longmans. 1855.

THIS is a short pamphlet of sixteen pages, containing the views of an experienced schoolmaster on the subject of instruction in English grammar. The reason why so many elementary schools, no less than others of much higher pretensions, are so generally deficient on this point is, that the teachers themselves have seldom any broad or clear acquaintance with the philosophy of grammar, and therefore do not feel that interest in their subject which is essential to successful teaching. Mr. Tilleard's methods have had the advantage of being practically tested by himself, and proved efficient; and he is entitled to the gratitude of his brother teachers for giving them the benefit of his experience.

CHAMBERS' Educational Course is beyond question the best series of school books we have met with, and they are attaining a popularity equal to their merits. Their last issue is a *Key to Practical Mathematics*, containing solutions to all the exercises given in the "Treatise on Practical Mathematics," already reviewed in THE CRITIC. It is designed to assist students in testing their own knowledge, and to save teachers the labour of going through the problems to ascertain if the pupil has rightly solved them.

Mr. R. Burchett's *Practical Geometry* is a part of the course of instruction followed in the training school

at Marlborough House, and in the schools of art in connection with the department of science and art, the author being the head master of the Training and Normal School. The method of teaching adopted is that of lectures, with the drawings made on the black board of the teacher, the students making notes at the time, and afterwards making careful drawings, with the necessary written descriptions. The work is descriptive and not demonstrative, experience having proved that, although it is necessary that the students should know how to construct plane geometric figures, it is not necessary that they should become mathematicians. The course of instruction is divided into three sections:—1. The construction of single figures; 2. The combination of figures; 3. The transformation of figures and quantities; and at the commencement of each section is placed such elementary figures as are necessary to the construction of the figures included in it. All the lessons are illustrated with drawings of the figures.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty has written a charming little book for children, called *Parables from Nature*—fanciful, as children's books should be; appealing to their imaginations; teaching virtue by example rather than by precept, exhibiting and not preaching it.

A second edition has been issued of the *Microscope, and its application to Vegetable Anatomy and Physiology.* By Dr. Schacht. (Higley.)—The microscope is an important aid to education. More is learned by the pupil in half an hour's inspection of the physiology of plants, explained at the moment by an intelligent teacher, than by any quantity of reading. We remember what we see, not always what we merely learn by rote in words. This volume should be found wherever a microscope is used; for it will double the pleasure and profit to be derived from the instrument. It gives to the student of nature the amplest instructions for the management of the microscope, for the preparation of the objects to be applied to it, and points out to him what is the lesson taught by the objects inspected. It is copiously illustrated with engravings.

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### THE CRITIC ABROAD.

A PASSING notice in the public journals of the death of Atterbom, the Swedish poet, at Stockholm, in July last, recalls our attention for an instant to Sweden and her literature. First of Atterbom. We have simply to record that he was born in 1790; that he was a professor in the University of Upsala; that he published a romance entitled *Blommorna* (The Flowers); that he published two volumes of poetry in 1837, and a work of sterling quality in 1841, *Svenska Siara och Skaldar* ("Swedish Seers and Bards"). He cannot, however, be called a poet, in the strict sense of the word. His verses flow easily, his figures are pretty, his sounds ring clear, but they return no echo. Modern poets worship the stars—Atterbom was a flower worshipper. All his love was in lilies, buttercups, and violets. Sometimes he went into the churchyard and returned to his study, to write verses to the memory of his father or brother. When in a semi-classical mood, he indited sonnets to his sister. All is fair, good, and tuneful; creditable to the man, the son, the friend, the brother—but not calculated to make the great artist. There is always a poverty of invention, also, displayed by those who, in prose or verse, fall back upon heathen divinities to support them. There are writers—Continental writers especially—who appear as if they must for ever lean upon Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. It is high time to get rid of the ancient gods and goddesses. Hebe was no doubt very pretty. Begat through lettuce-eating, she did dainty service to the gods as bar-maid, showing more ancle than Jupiter approved of. We would rather have our poets serve us through "Mary the Maid of the Inn," or any comely and decent Susannah. Bacchus was a jovial fellow; so was mine host of the Boar of Eastcheap. So at least thought Falstaff. Mars was a good fighter; and so is Tom Connolly of the Ninety-ninth. Why not invoke Tom when the poet is in warlike mood? In what respect would the new fang-dangle science, aesthetics, suffer? Atterbom and the men of his century, generally, sin grievously against our canon. His translations from the Icelandic are rather under the mark, and in one instance at least—*Blomstrens Sang*—he passes off his rugged translation of a beautiful old ballad, common to Germany and Holland, as his own. We venture, in all humbleness, to call his translation rugged, because he attempts to smooth

language which is beautiful simply through its ruggedness. We can compare such efforts to those only of the people who give us a modernised "Chevy-Chase," or a Chaucer "made easy,"—as some day we may have a man arise to give us such version of Shakspeare and Milton as the respectable twain, Brady and Tate, have given us of the Psalms of good King David. But to return: Atterbom was a beautiful sinner in an age of literary sin. Franzén, Bellman, Tegnér, sinned with him; and the "Phosphorists" were the greatest sinners of all. The sin of the latter was pure rebellion. They had a just hatred of the conventional, and ran into the extreme of wildness. They abominated, so to speak, houses of brick and mortar, and went forth to make abode in the forest, to make pets of wolves and bears, and heroes of hewers of wood, and heroines of drawers of water. They were cursed with the then curse of German literature. They would be eminently subjective; and, wrapping themselves in fog, became, as a matter of course, obscure, causing innocent heads to bump against gate-posts, and innocent feet to stumble over erratic blocks.

Spite of drawbacks incidental to every literature, Sweden has had many authors, in recent times, of which she may be justly proud. Tegnér, next to Göthe, has had more English translators than any Continental poet we can remember. Strindholm takes rank among the best of modern historians. Fredrika Bremer and Emilie Carlen are names familiar to most English readers. But the mere citation of names affords little instruction. In periodical literature the Swedes have to boast of many journals and magazines distinguished by learning, taste, and talent. They display more wit than do the productions of Germany, but less humour. We have now before us some numbers of *Stockholms Figaro*; they are rather old to be sure, but they afford a fair index to Swedish liveliness. We must say, however, that this *Figaro* is far inferior to the *Figaro* we knew some score years ago, edited by A'Beckett. Wit is not translatable, a pun cannot be rendered from one language into another, or we should have pleasure in presenting a specimen of Stockholm wit and pun. But here is the *Tidskrift för Litteratur* from which we can glean something likely to interest there; here is an article on the manners and language of the Dalecarlian. The earl of the

dale of Sweden appears to be as much misunderstood by his own countrymen as the man of the hill is in England. The general notion of a Highlander is derived from a wooden figure in kilts and bare-legged, who is exposed in all weathers outside a snuff-shop, taking impossible pinches from an impossible *mull*. He is the accredited exponent of Nicotiana in dust, as the Blackboy is that of that of the Indian weed in pig-tail and shag. The Dalecarlian, in like manner, is known only as he appears on the stage of Stockholm. He has a huge frame, mighty calves, ponderous shoes. His coat is white, black, or blue, and his wife or sweetheart appears in red petticoats and yellow stockings. He blunders with his tongue and makes holes in his manners; but they do him but simple justice in representing him as a model of honesty and frankness. He is brave, hospitable, and anything but stupid. He is lively as a lark, and alert as a squirrel. He climbs high hills, and descends into deep mines. There is no task too hard for him requiring good muscles and good limbs. He inverts his language, perhaps, and instead of saying *grog* he says *gorg*. He appears also to have a great dislike to the letter *h*; it is singular, however, in other respects how much his Swedish *patois* corresponds to the Lowland Scotch. A Swedish ambassador in England had with him a lad from the Dahl whose brogue was pretty intelligible to the Scottish courtiers at the Court of Charles II. It is related, also, that an Englishman who happened to be travelling in Dalecarlia arrived at an inn, and wished to have a corkscrew. He made dumb show to the landlord of his wants; he twisted in agony before the landlady. In vain. In his despair to make himself understood, he exclaimed at length "Give me a corkscrew!" and the instrument was brought to him. The Dalecarlian says "*Gif me en korkskruf*." He works hard and fares hard, poor fellow. The best harvests of his country do not supply the whole population with bread. Rye-bread, even, is considered by him a dainty; and, when a poor mother pays a visit to the minister's wife and receives a rye-cake, she returns delighted to her household, and dispenses it in little morsels to her children as one would dispense *bonbons*. The best bread consists generally of one-third oats, one-third barley, and one-third pease-meal, which gives it such a harsh and bitter taste that a single mouthful requires long and serious

chewing before it can be swallowed. The customary and daily bread is made of pease-meal, and this meal is sometimes mixed up with barley in the husk, and even in the whole ear. It is eaten, nevertheless, without a grumble. When the Dacarcian cannot find the means of living at home, like a wise man he leaves his narrow, barren valley, and goes elsewhere to seek his fortune. Farming is at a very low ebb; and of handicrafts there are scarcely any. Mining operations engage the great bulk of the population. The land is chopped and cut in small patches, and in some districts has the appearance of so many kitchen gardens. Agriculturists will understand the usual mode of cultivation in the dales, when we liken it to the *run-rig* system. The Dacarcian has his natural instincts, and woos and weds. But marriage is a matter of grand calculation. Both swain and maid look before they leap. It is justly considered no joke to bring a number of little mouths into the world with pease-meal prospects. Malthus would pat Dacarcian prudence on the back, were he in Sweden to witness it. Evening is trying time. The young lad visits his mistress at her parents' home to gossip away an hour. If the girl is comely, and has prospects, she has more wooers than one, and they all meet of an evening together. It is open competition. There is no quarrelling or strife, as each knows that he will be accepted according to his personal merits and worldly worth. There is no secrecy on such occasions—no stolen interviews, no sly kisses, whether a girl has her own private chamber (*kwi*) in the dwelling-house or has her bed in the cattle-house (*lies à fjos-jállam*). The morals of the Dacarcians are highly spoken of. Incontinence is rare; dishonesty almost unheard of. Locks are not greatly in use. Chubb and Hobbs are not wanted in the dales. The linen bleaches on the banks, and no errant gipsy steals it away. Cattle rove in the woods without forest-mark, and sheep are never lost from the folds. The Dacarcians appear to be a very good people, as a whole, and very religious, if church-going is to be taken as a proof of it. Eight to ten thousand have been known to assemble together of a Sunday, to listen to a favourite preacher. Perhaps there may be other than ghostly enticements, for their red petticoats and yellow stockings, blue jackets and jaunty head-gear, make great display. We should like to give an illustration of their daily speech and the construction of their grammar; but this, we fear, would edify alone the philologist.

Catherine II. of Russia tried her hand at making kingdoms, and also at making comedies. We cannot say that she greatly succeeded in the latter way. Imperial authoresses are rare birds, but not always worth catching. But, daresay, imperial wit must be laughed at, be it ever so dull. She wrote one piece illustrative of Cagliostro, his cheats and his victims. It is intensely dull, though intended to be intensely Shakspearian. One of her dramas is called, "The first year of Oleg's reign." It begins with the arrival of several grandees at Kiev, at the place where afterwards Moscow was built. These relate to certain Russians why they have come, and express themselves in the following fashion:—

*Stemid.* The Selaves who live upon the Dnieper suffer under the oppression of the Korsers who rule Kiev and its neighbourhood. Many heavy tributes have these demanded of the nobles. Then send they their chief to the grand prince (Rurik) and beg of him that he will send them a son or relation to rule over them.

*Dobrynin.* Here I advised the grand prince. Rurik sent instantly his step-son Oskold at the head of an army.

*Rudaw.* Before his departure Oskold begged of the grand prince permission to undertake a campaign to Zargrad (Constantinople). Permission obtained, he assembled an army, and marched at noonday.

*Cidul.* Fact. Oskold marched first to Smolensko, and went from there to Kiev, where he fought with the Korsers.

*Stemid.* At Kiev Oskold recruited his army with Varangians and Selaves, who came from Novogorod. Then he made war on the Poles and Drewlians.

*Dobrynin.* But against the Greeks he had few followers.

*Stemid.* He launched upon the Dnieper. Attended by two hundred vessels of war he entered the Black Sea.

*Cidul.* He chose besides the proper time—&c. &c. &c.

The reader by this time must have had enough of recitative. The drama is dull as the Neva, and, in its stormy periods, does not rise quite so high as the quay-walls of St. Petersburg. Its object is to exhibit Muscovite valour—an object

very legitimate; but clumsiness makes a bad pillow for patriotism.

While on the subject of Russia, we may as well mention a work of far greater interest than any that Catherine II. ever produced, Dr. Karl Neumann's *Hellenen im Skythenlande* ("The Hellenes in Scythia"). This is a work which commends itself to both the classical and modern scholar. Here again is another work, from Russian sources, *The Antiquities of the Village or Town of Bolgary, and the Bulgarians*, by Alexander Polujanski. The Bulgarians dwell upon the Wolga, and ought properly to be called Wolgarians. Bolgary, the new town, is built upon the ruins of an old one. Its modern name signifies properly "Heavenward-Town." If mud and dirt, vermin and mildew, assist a mortal heavenwards, by all means he should get here. The antiquarian will find much to interest him. There are Arabic inscriptions on tombstones in the humble churchyard, calculated to exercise both his eyes and learning. They belong to the year 619-742 of the Hegira, chiefly to the year 623. Tombstone literature is generally more interesting than elegant. Stonemasons' elegies and inscriptions are pretty much the same all the world over. One of the tombstones, of date 624, reads, to the memory of Abdul—"Death is like a cup full of strong drink; all must drink of it. The grave is the gate of death, through which all men must enter." On another appear the words, more Christian than Mussulman—"Without doubt the day of the Lord shall appear; it is certain that God will raise all the dead." Let us ramble for a minute longer among these tombstones. Turks, Pagans, and wild Cossacks have had fathers dear, and friends sincere, and virtuous wives who "lie buried here." The Koran affords a beginning to every other inscription. Like as follows:—"He is the living God. Here is the dwelling of Akist Hadschi, the son of Mumick, the great ruler, chosen of God, the esteemed, the noble, the mouthpiece of the learned, the protector of the orphan. Mumick, the son of Mursyn, the Bulgarian. O, Lord God, grant him endless joy. Forgive his sins and be gracious towards his failings. The 17th Safer 720." The inscriptions on the tombs of deceased wives are sufficiently complimentary. For example:—"Here lie the last remains of the unspotted and fair Princess Safara, the daughter of Raysi, of the family of Schamacha. O, God, give her endless bliss, honour her by forgiving her sins, have compassion upon her in the fearful day of judgment." Here runs another, surprisingly complimentary: "Here lie the unspotted remains of the very compassionate, the very high-born, the very blameless, the very esteemed, and the very beloved Princess Sara, Achmet's daughter." Yet another, and then we must quit the burial ground: "Here is the abode of the unspotted, the pure, the immaculate, the greatly grieved for, and the extolled Ramma, Lub's daughter. Lub, the son of Muhammed and Muhammed Junus of Bulgarian kingdom, O, Lord! grant her grace without measure! She went in mercy to the Highest, in her twenty-second year."

#### Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

#### FRANCE.

- Burat (A.)—Géologie appliquée. Tom. I. 29 plates. Paris. 8vo. 15s.  
Castil-Blaze—Théâtres lyriques de Paris. Tom. II. Paris. 8vo.  
Doutet d'Arcey—Recherches historiques, &c. Amiens. 4to. 15s.  
Ebelmen—Recueil de ses travaux scientifiques, &c. 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. 15s.  
La France et ses colonies, &c. Paris. 4to. 35s.  
Grégoire (L.)—La Bretagne au 16e siècle. Nantes. 8vo.  
Gautier (T.)—Italia. Paris. 16mo. 3s.  
Gallitzin (E.)—La Russie. Paris. 8vo. 7s. 6d.  
Granier de Cassagnac—Histoire du directoire. Tom. II. Paris. 8vo. 6s.  
Guerrois (Ch. des)—Etudes littéraires et biographiques. 12mo. Paris. 3s. 6d.  
Heine (Henri)—Lutèce: Lettres sur la vie politique, &c. de la France. Paris. 18mo. 3s.  
Hulluin (E. W. d')—Harmonies historiques. Paris. 16mo. 1s. 3d.  
Jeanuel (C.)—Les Aboyeuses de Josselin. 12mo. Rennes.  
Julien (S.)—L'imprimerie en Chine au 6e siècle de notre ère. Paris. 8vo.  
Léchat (C.)—De l'imitation des anciens par les modernes. Nantes. 8vo.  
Lebenrier (L'Abbé)—De la découverte d'un prétendu cimetière mérovingien à la Chapelle Saint-Eloi. Rouen. 8vo.  
Lafon de Camarsac—Application de l'héliographie aux arts céramiques, &c. 8vo. Paris.  
Legray—Comp. d'œuvres sur la littérature française de 1830 à 1846. Lyon. 8vo.

- Lanoye (F. de)—L'Inde contemporaine. Paris. 16mo. 3s.  
Lazare (Félix)—Dictionnaire administratif et historique des rues et monuments de Paris. Paris. 4to.  
Leville (J. H.)—Iconographie des champignons. Paris. 4to. 8f. 10s.  
Molé (M.)—Mémoires, &c. Tom. II. Paris. 8vo. 9s.  
Moskova (Le Prince de la)—Le Siège de Valenciennes. Paris. 8vo.  
Mahlstré—Mémoire sur la théorie des éclipses de lune et de soleil, &c. Paris. 8vo. 2s. 3d.  
Phillips (A. J. P.)—Electro-dynamisme vital, ou les relations physiologiques de l'esprit et de la matière démontrées, &c. Paris. 8vo. 7s.  
Vauhallé (Ach. d')—Histoire des deux restaurations, &c. Tom. III. Paris. 8vo.  
Martin (Henri)—Histoire de France, &c. Tom. V. Paris. 5s.  
Sand (Geo.)—Mont Revêche. Paris. 8vo. 1s.  
Rendu (Eugène)—L'éducation populaire dans l'Allemagne du Nord. Paris. 8vo. 7s.

#### BELGIUM.

- Coussemaker (G. de.)—Chants populaires des Flamands de France, &c. Gand. 8vo.  
King (T. H.)—Orfèverie et ouvrages en métal du moyen âge, &c. 2nd part, with 100 plates. Bruxelles. Fol. 5l.  
Laurent (F.)—Etudes sur l'histoire de l'humanité. Le Christianisme. Gand. 8vo. 6s. 6d.  
Histoire de la peinture sur verre dans les diverses contrées et particulièrement en Belgique. 1s. 9d. Bruxelles. 4s.  
Mémoires couronnés et mémoires des savants étrangers, &c. Tom. VI. 8vo. Bruxelles. 4s.

#### GERMANY.

- Der Tod, &c. (Death under the point of view of the natural sciences.) H. Wagner. Bielefeld. 16mo. 1s.  
Deycks (F.)—Goethes Faust. 1 vol. 16mo. Frankfurt O.M.  
Chamisso (A. de.)—Gedichte (Poems). 14th Ed. 16mo. Berlin.  
Heffter (A. W.)—Das europäische Völkerrecht, &c. (Modern International Law in Europe.) Berlin. 8vo. 7s.  
Hebbel (F.)—Michel Angelo (a Drama in Two Acts). Vienna. 16mo. 3s.  
Gessner (L.)—Das Recht, &c. (The Law of Neutral Maritime Commerce.) Bremen. 8vo. 3s.  
Thot, oder die Wissenschaften, &c.—(Thot, or the sciences amongst the ancient Egyptians, studied from classical and Egyptian sources, with zineographical table.)—M. Uhlemann. Göttingen. 8vo. 4s.  
Wickerhauser (M.)—Liebe, Wein und Mancherlei. (Love, Wine and Sundries.) Vol. I. Leipzig. 8vo.

#### ITALY.

- Aretino (Pietro)—La Orazia, tragedia. 3rd ed. Florence. 12s.  
Bursotti (F.)—Della studio della filologia. Naples. 8s.  
La Farina (Giuseppe)—Gli Albigei. Romanzo storico. Vol. VI. 16mo. Genova.  
Taccani (F.)—Storia dell' architettura in Europa, &c. Milan. 8vo.

#### FRANCE.

*La Turquie Actuelle* ("Modern Turkey.") By A. UNICINI. Paris: L. Flachette and Co. London: D. Nutt.

*La Turquie Actuelle* contains, like the author's previous works on the same subject, a considerable amount of useful information, and a variety of entertainment. Remarks and details concerning the changes of an eventful period, reminiscences of travel, descriptions of places and of scenes associated with the memory of times long past, or of forms and institutions stricken, modified, or fast vanishing away; biographic sketches of the men inaugurating a new epoch, with many characteristic and illustrative anecdotes—combine to produce the picture of a nation in which the past and future, resembling two streams that mingle their waters and oppose their force, meet in the great whirlpool and confusion of the present.

When, writes M. Ubicini, the Sultan Mahmoud expired, on the 1st July 1839, he had cause, like Charlemagne, to fear that his work would perish with him. Stretched on the bed of death, for the first time doubt assailed him, and he recalled the mournful prophecy a dervish had pronounced: "When the plants revealed to Lokman their medicinal properties, not one said, I possess virtue to revive a corpse. The Sultan Mahmoud is another Lokman; but the Empire is dead." Fifteen years later the observer bears impartial witness to the fact of progress, which implies vitality. From the capital and neighbouring districts to the frontier provinces, the influence of reforms has been extended, and the whole aspect of this vast empire undergoes a gradual renovation.

From henceforth, whatever hand wields the power at Constantinople, no retrograde movement appears possible. The reform itself is a fact substantiated; the sole question lies in the choice of means. On this point two factions, or two schools, confront each other—the young Turkey of Mahmoud and the young Turkey of Abdul-Medjid. The men who compose the first tend to unite with Europe, but without entirely breaking the thread of tradition. They are at once conservators and innovators. They contend that the Tanzimat, to implant itself in the manners and habits of the country, should not be a foreign importation, but reform in the true sense of the word—that is to say, a return to the primitive form now



disfigured by two centuries of anarchy and disorder. According to their doctrine, it is necessary not to create new institutions, but to correct and modify those existing in conformity with the present relations and aspirations of Turkey. To take from the reform its Turkish element is to render it impracticable. What even at present, to the majority of the Turks, mean the words continually sounded in their ears—progress, civilisation, country? Their country is their religion; their national flag, the standard of the Prophet; their idea of duty, obedience to the Koran. Hence arises the obligation to govern with the Koran even against the Koran. Their antagonists, on the contrary, desire or dream a European Turkey. They regard neither the religious instincts of the nation, nor the differences of manners, habits, and climate. They would derive their arguments from the Gospels as readily as from the Koran, if they believed in one more than the other. They forget that the social condition of a people cannot be changed like a decoration at the opera; that it is imprudent to demolish before collecting materials to rebuild; and that reckless innovation introduces ruin into a state—not progress. Ahmed-Fethi Pacha, Mehmed Kibristi, Ahmed Vefik Efendi, although scarcely thirty-six years old (I speak of the men of ideas, leaving aside the men of intrigue), belong to the first school. On the contrary, Rechid, their contemporary in age, and whose career commenced about the same period, may be considered as the chief of the second.

All that has been said and written upon Turkey during the last two years has not exhausted the interest of the subject; but, if the philosophical view of the question is important, amusing in proportion are some of the minor details:

#### COMMENCEMENT OF REFORM IN THE ARMY.

It appeared impossible to overcome the repugnance of the Turks to perform the European exercise. The task of forming and breaking the line, advancing, retreating, bearing the musket first on one shoulder, then on the other, seemed to them the lowest point of degradation. A Phanariote, named Paléologus, who published in 1827 his *Sketch of Turkish Manners*, amusing, but visibly impressed with partiality, introduced into one of his dialogues a janissary named Ibrahim in conversation with an artisan and a cadi, Ali and Osman.

Osman.—What do you do in your exercises?  
Ibrahim.—What do we do? I am ashamed to tell thee. They awaken us at dawn; pack us in an enclosure; and thence drive us, one by one, counting us like sheep. Then we are ranged in lines, drawn by a cord such as the gardeners use to plant onions, and, if ever so little behind or beyond, a blow from a fist pushes us backwards or forwards. After that a dog of a *Nemché* (Austrian) comes to examine us; he sees whether we have carefully washed our hands and our head,—if our clothes are buttoned,—if our coats are brushed. As he is always followed by a Mussulman, the moment he perceives the least fault he reproaches and threatens us, and frequently even administers some good sound lashes.

Ali.—It is all over with Islamism!  
Ibrahim.—But further; the antics commence. They put into our hands a musket, crooked at the end, and order us to carry it, sometimes on the left shoulder, sometimes on the right; to march all together, forward, then suddenly backwards like crabs; to divide, to join again. I will spare you the detail of a thousand absurdities of the same nature.

Osman.—What degradation!  
Ibrahim.—They have suppressed the *tain-parass* (money-allowance), and distribute provisions in kind, that is to say, black bread and pork fat.

Osman.—Pork fat?  
Ibrahim.—Yes, brother Osmanlis; and more, salt pork! They pay a day of thirty aspres a day.

Ali.—A pay as if to *Nemché* soldiers!  
Osman.—It is the depth of humiliation.

The presence in their ranks of European instructors revolted the Mussulmans at least as much as the pay and the European exercise. At present, the repugnance in both cases has disappeared. "Give us English, French, or Austrian officers," cried the soldiers of the Anatolian army, impatient to avenge their defeat, "provided they know how to command and lead us against the enemy."

Small sympathy in former days existed between the outer world and the world of Islam; yet it is recorded, to the credit of the Turks, that when at the height of their vast power and disdain, maxims of justice and tolerance, sometimes violated in after ages of weakness and corruption, exercised due sway, and furnished an example to the boasted civilisation of Christian Europe. In those days absence from the Ottoman soil was exile to the son of Mahomet; he was neither led nor imbued with the love of foreign manners. "The Franks no more resemble the Turks than night resembles day," said Mohammed Efendi, who, as ambassador, resided for a year in Paris, during the minority of Louis XV; "Place a Frank with his head downwards, and

his feet in the air, and you have a Turk." In 1783, Paris beheld another Osmanli, the first, perhaps, attracted by curiosity to visit Europe. Years subsequently, in 1816, he answered with a distich from Saadi, a compliment paid to his courtesy of manner, which recalled the traditions of the court of France.

I was but a fragment of common clay, but for a moment I lay near the rose and retain still something of its perfume.

The Ambassador of the French Republic, Aubert du Bayet, first broke through the practices observed by the Sultans at the reception of foreign envoys. He declined listening with respect to the haughty words of the Padishah, usual at the presentation. "The slave comes from far, he must be cold and hungry, let him be fed and clothed, and bring him to us again." He insisted upon receiving a formal invitation to dine with the Vizier, and upon appearing before the Sultan in the French uniform. The Divan loudly remonstrated against this innovation, but the Ambassador held firm and conquered. At present the Turkish ceremonial differs not from that of any other court in Europe, and on a recent occasion the Turks contemplated with grave astonishment the spectacle of their Sultan, "The shadow of God," when after a review he approached the open carriage of Madame de St. Arnaud, and paid his compliments in the French language.

#### PRINCIPLES OF OTTOMAN LAW.

"Certes," it is written in the law, "a sovereign betrays God and his prophet, and the whole body of Mussulman society, by conferring the judicial authority upon a subject of good repute, and even great merit, but before whom ought to be preferred another subject superior in virtue or science."

"A man who does not possess the qualities required for the magistrature should scruple to undertake its duties, fearing the account he will have to render to God."

"On the contrary, the subject superior to others in virtue and science ought not to refuse the burthen."

"A judge ought to adopt the rule of never receiving, under the title of a present, the gift of any person. He should also, from motives of delicacy, avoid mingling in society, or taking part in festivals or private banquets."

"The magistrate should be supported at the expense of the public treasure, and receive what he requires under the name of gift or premium, not that of salary or emoluments."

But where in Turkey can be found the type of the judge such as he was represented by the Fathers of the Islamic Church, or might have existed in their time? There is not in any European country, if we except Russia, a magistracy more corrupt. It would be too long a task to examine whence this corruption proceeds; enough that it is proverbial even amongst the Turks themselves. Their histories, their popular tales, are filled with anecdotes of judges whose roguery is no less celebrated than their sagacity. None better understand the art of extorting money, and none, in a doubtful case, better know how to unmask and confound imposture. The adventure is well known of a certain merchant of Damascus, reduced to poverty through the treachery of a camel-driver, to whom he had entrusted all he possessed. Some years afterwards, meeting the traitor in a street in Constantinople, he summoned him before the cadi. The spoiler, who had long ceased his journeys and lived like a lord in the capital, treated the claimant as a madman, denied that he had ever been a camel-driver, and triumphantly quitted the court. Having reached the street, a voice cried after him, "Camel-driver, camel-driver." He turned, and, recognising the judge, who beckoned with a smiling countenance, hastened to obey the call; when, re-entering the court, he was thunder-struck by the apostrophe "What! wretch, dost thou pretend never to have been a camel-driver, yet when the name is called thou turnest immediately?" The Cadi then decreed restitution of the stolen sum, and, in addition, a few hundred blows, instead of interest, which is not permitted by the Turkish law. The ancient practice of the tribunals, based on oral testimony alone, the omissions of the written law, the latitude allowed the judge, have multiplied anecdotes of this description amongst the Turks. Their most celebrated judgments are founded on subtleties, by means of which the judge has endeavoured to disengage the truth from the obscurity of the proceedings. The same peculiarities recur amongst the various people subjected to the law of the Koran; and Cervantes, who had spent some time in Barbary, appears to have personified the Mussulman Cadi under the figure of Sancho Panza administering justice in his island. An anecdote of opposite tendency was related to me by an old Efendi of my acquaintance. An inhabitant of Filibé (Philippopolis) had a dog to which he was tenderly attached. The dog died, and his master, inconsolable, buried him in the garden, and invited a party of friends to a banquet, at which they were

entertained by the recital of the deceased's good qualities. Next day certain malicious neighbours reported these circumstances to the Cadi, and charged the chief actor with having practised at the obsequies of an unclean animal the ceremonies appropriate to the funeral of a true believer. The Cadi, greatly shocked, summoned the offender to his presence, and demanded angrily whether he belonged to the number of those infidels who worship dogs and desired to render his own the honours only due to that of the Seven Sleepers. The master of the dog replied, without embarrassment: "My Lord, it would be tedious to trouble you with the history of my dog; but probably you have not heard that he made a will, and, amongst others, bequeathed you a legacy of 3000 piastres, which I have brought with me in this bag." The Cadi, hearing this, turned to his assistants and said: "Behold how good people are exposed to envy, and what scandals have been propagated at the expense of this honest man." Then, addressing the master of the dog: "Come, Hadji-Baba," said he, "since you have not offered any prayers for the soul of the defunct, in my opinion we had better commence them together." The close of the reply attributed to the Cadi forms a play upon words untranslatable. The expression employed signifies equally "to commence prayers," and to open a bag of money.

In explanation of the anecdote we are about to quote, it must be remembered that a Turkish husband is not permitted to remove the veil of his wife until after the marriage ceremony. The custom is occasionally attended with inconvenience.

#### A MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Esmé is not always pretty. An old efendi, very rich and ugly, married. The next day his wife requested him to name those amongst her relations to whom she might accord the privilege of beholding her face unveiled. "Show it to whom you will," he answered, "but henceforth hide it from me." "Bear with my ugliness," said the wife. "I have not sufficient patience," said the husband. "And yet," she retorted, "you must needs possess great patience, since you have borne with that horrible nose on your face all your life long."

We conclude with an appropriate extract:—

#### THE TURKISH EPITAPH.

In the style of the epitaph may be noted the principal phases of Mussulman literature. First, the surate of the Koran, simply engraved on the stone beside the name of the defunct. Then, by degrees, the inscription changes to the plaintive *gazel*, in which Oriental poetry accumulates at pleasure its images and allegories. Sometimes the dead speak, as in this epitaph, taken from the tomb of a child:—

"God alone is eternal.

"On earth I was but a rose-bud. The wind of destiny breathed over my stem, and I was transplanted from the gardens of this world to blossom in those of Paradise."

Or as in the following, engraved on the tomb of a man of riper age:—

"God alone is eternal.

"I ask of thee, passenger, a prayer. If to-day it is necessary for me, to-morrow it will be for thyself. Recite, passenger, the first verse of the Koran for the soul of Ali the Master-tailor."

The epitaph of an illustrious personage is usually an allegory typifying the events of his career. Such is that of the Admiral Hussein Pacha, composed by the Historiographer of the Empire, Wassif Efendi. Hussein was Capitan Pasha under Selim III., and died in 1803.

"The rudder of the barque of his soul was directed by the arm of God, our common pilot, towards the sea of the other world. The vessel of the body of this personage of eminent merit was, at *Terrane*, as remarkable as a mole on the cheek of an individual. At length, the wind of destiny having torn the sails and broken the ship, it was submerged in the ocean of divine goodness. He heard the command, 'Return to me'—command which the All-powerful addresses to those who have led on earth an irreproachable life, and with exceeding joy he advanced towards the celestial regions.

"Passenger! recite the first verse of the Koran for the soul of Hussein. Know also that the author of this epitaph is Wassif, who prays that Paradise may be his eternal dwelling."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sept. 28.

At this moment, when the excitement caused by the great military events which have taken place in the Crimea can hardly be said to be subdued, literature and literary topics cannot be said to engross any share of the attention of the public. Whether, therefore, it be from a consciousness that, were they to exert themselves, they would only be "wasting their sweetness on the desert air"—as nothing is read that does not relate to the war—or from a sense of their unworthiness, I will not examine; but the fact remains, that the

\* The maritime arsenal, official residence of the Capitan Pasha.

whole tribe of *littérateurs* seems to have struck work, thereby considerably easing the task of your Paris correspondent.

M. B. Haureau, a name well known to all followers of archaeological science, published some time ago a book called *François Ier et sa Cour*, which, though not exactly new, is little known in England; and I therefore avail myself of the opportunity of a second edition having been recently published to bring it under the notice of your readers. The nature of the court of François Premier is hitherto known chiefly from the *Heptameron* of that monarch's sister, the fair Margaret de Navarre; the rather *décolleté* memoirs of that old libertine, Brantôme; and the poems of Clement Marot. M. Haureau has patiently set to work; and, after digesting hundreds upon hundreds of manuscripts at the Bibliothèque, he has given to the public the result of his labours in an admirably succinct manner. It seems that the household of the "Père des Lettres," as he is called in schoolbooks here, was a gigantic tissue of sinucres, as you may see from the following list. How the *Layards* and *Roebucks* of those days must have grumbled!

The King had 47 almoners, among them being 1 cardinal and 8 bishop. The rev. gentlemen were so largely endowed from other quarters, that they performed their arduous functions at court gratuitously! They were, however, entitled to receive 1500 livres, a large sum in those days. Besides these almoners there were 6 chaplains, receiving in the aggregate 1320 livres; and 6 *sommeliers de chapelle*. The gentlemen of the chamber were still more numerous, reaching the number of 63, who received altogether a sum of 71,000 livres. 33 *panetiers*, or superintendents of the bread department, among whom figure some of the first names in the kingdom, such as the Mortemarts, Mirepoix's, come next in the list; they share among themselves 13,800 livres. Then come the cup bearers, 20 in number; among them were the Baron de Buell, Humbert de la Rochefoucault, the Sieur de l'Estrange, &c.: they received 8300 livres. Then we have 15 *carvers or écuyers tranchants*—such men as the Malignons, the Clermonts de Damplière, &c. &c., not disdaining to fill the office: they receive 6200 livres.

It would be tedious to proceed further with this enumeration, as this specimen will suffice to show your readers how conscientiously M. Haureau has executed his task. To gratify the curiosity of such who take interest in these matters, that the expenditure in useless salaries like the above, was rather more than 1,500,000 livres; and, from the King's well-known taste for display and extravagance, M. Haureau thinks that it cannot have been less than double that amount.

The German papers state that the Senate of the free town of Hamburg have just taken a step which reflects equal credit upon them and upon him who is its object. It is known that Hamburg is the birth-place of the intrepid African explorer, Dr. Barth. No sooner did the intelligence of his safe return to Europe reach Germany than the Senate decreed that a golden medal, of the largest model, should be struck in honour of the young savant, to celebrate his return to *il dolce sol natio*.

The *Revue Contemporaine*, an obscure periodical which M. Guizot occasionally honoured with his collaboration, has been purchased by Government, who are desirous of having a political organ in the periodical press to oppose the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, as you are aware, is the favourite organ of the Legitimist and Orleanist parties. The new director is M. de la Guéronnière; and "all the talents" the present dynasty can muster around them are called into requisition to support the *Revue* by their pen; while the much more numerous admirers of the *Idees Napoléoniennes*, who make laws and sanction the decrees of the Executive in the Senate or Corps Législatif, have, it is said, received a hint to support it by becoming subscribers. The number for the present month, the first under the new management, is decidedly not up to the mark. Unless a great change takes place, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has little to fear from the competition of its nascent rival.

M. Leroño de Liney has just published a "Description of the City of Paris in the 15th century," by Guilbert de Méty, in which is the following passage touching the *garreguagias* of the good city.

In Paris it is esteemed there are upwards of four thousand wine shops, more than twenty thousand beggars, and more than sixty thousand writers; *item*, of students and tradesfolk, the number passes computation. . . . The average weekly consumption of the town was four thousand sheep, two hundred and forty oxen, five hundred calves, two hundred salt pork carcasses, and four hundred fresh ditto, while to wash down all this no less than seven hundred barrels of wine per diem were necessary!

The statistics of Messire Guilbert must not, the reader will perceive, be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Among the many singularities which distinguish the present state of manners in Paris is the extraordinary number of suicides, which are said to have far exceeded those of any year since 1848; which, from the excitement of political events and the widespread ruin which the Revolution occasioned in commercial affairs, led to an unprecedented increase of this painful crime. Every day a paper brings an account of one or two catastrophes, and one now before me contains no less than six. Two of these were of a very young man and woman, or rather boy and girl, for the age of the former was but seventeen, and the female was two years older. The lad was a carpenter's apprentice, and the girl, strange to say, had been a *filie publique*, but had completely changed

her mode of life since her acquaintance with the unfortunate youth, to whom, it appears, she became passionately attached. Their bodies were found bound together in the Canal St. Martin, and in one of their pockets a letter stating the cause of their suicide to be the cruelty of their parents, who had resisted their prayers to allow them to be united in marriage. The letter was written exactly in the style to be expected from ignorant minds worked up to a point of spurious enthusiasm by the perusal of the novels of Eugene Sue and other similar productions, which are a black spot in the character of modern France, and which is, unhappily, the popular literature—though not exclusively—of the lower orders. In another case, the body of a well-dressed man was found in the river, and taken to the Morgue, when on his person was found a leaf torn from his pocket-book, in which was written in pencil:

Sept. 19, 2 heures du matines.  
I have just lost my last nap, and drunk my last bottle, for which, *au reste*, I have not money enough left to pay. *N'importe*—I have long foreseen this moment, and am prepared. The causes of my voluntary death are three—Gaming; Dissipation; Women—the commonest case in the world.—Adieu.

The theatres here continue to prosper, though in a less degree than during her Majesty's visit, which seems to have been the crowning point of the profitable season for all establishments of the kind. At the Français a little piece called *L'Amour el Soustrains* has been produced with moderate success—more its author could scarcely expect. A young French Count, a kind of modest Giovanni, is making love to three Spanish beauties at once. They all like him, and he admires them all, but one in particular is the secret object of his affection. The girls tell this little secret to each other. They blind his eyes with a handkerchief, and oblige him to marry the one whose name he is able to guess—all of them kissing him by turns. He assents, and, Cupid kindly directing, he selects the chosen of his heart; and the curtain closes with the wedding in *prospectu*. This little piece, which might have been written by many misses at our boarding-schools, owed its success to the pleasant acting and pretty faces of three of the youngest and prettiest actresses at the Français, Mlles. Fix, Dubois, and Mantelli. However elegantly written, such mere trifles are out of place at our first national theatre. The Odéon has opened with a piece of Mme. Sand's, called *Master Favilla*. The hero is an insane musician, like "pauvre Jacques," but without the interest given to that touching little drama by Bonifé. The style of the writer is as usual excellent, that is, in a literary sense, for of dramatic writing Mme. Sand has not the least idea; and, despite the affected raptures of her admirers among the journalists, the pervading feeling of the spectator is *ennui*.

An ingenious transcript from the camp in the Crimea, called *Le Théâtre des Zouaves*, has been the great gun at the Variétés during the whole month. All the world knows that the French, among their other military *agréments*, possess the gift of diverting the tedium of camp life in perfection. Among these, the histrionic art stands high, and hence their performances and their impromptu theatre before Sebastopol has become celebrated. At the Variétés we have a fair imitation of one of these displays, in which the ladies as well as the gentlemen are represented by well whiskered *militaires*. The scenery, costumes, and above all, the acting and locations imitated from the trenches, and given with inimitable drollery by the *comiques* of the *troupe*, make the piece one of the most amusing farces we have witnessed for a length of time.

A fact of more importance in the theatrical world is the return of Mme. Plessy to the Français, after a long sojourn at St. Petersburg, where she has reigned the Mlle. Mars of French comedy for many years, equally the favourite of the Court and the first society in the French capital. She appears in the full beauty of womanhood, a little *en bon point*, which in her case rather augments than diminishes the grace of her fine figure. Her smile is as enchanting as ever, and if her acting wants something of the life and dash one would wish sometimes to meet in the gaiety of comedy, her elegance and admirable manners are never at fault.

Mlle. Alboni has been singing at the Grand Opera in the *Prophète*, and of course pleased all that portion of the audience who are satisfied with the sweetest of voices without soul or sentiment of any kind. She was wanted, however, in the theatre; and, knowing that, she exacted terms the payment of which really seems a disgrace to the age we live in. To think of paying mindless automatons like this opera-singer double the sum we pay our veteran generals and others who spend their best days in the service of their country, and too often shed their best blood in the field, is a positive abomination. Another songstress, who was engaged at Covent Garden this last season, and who, like Alboni, has no pretensions to histrionic talent, has lately passed through Paris, and, on a proposal being made to engage her at the Opera, had the modesty to ask 2000 sterling per week. These things make one wish for the absolutism of Louis the Fourteenth, one of whose edicts, dated 1713, lays down explicitly that no chief singer, male or female, belonging to the Grand Opera, shall receive more than

1500 francs (60*l.*) per annum; the two leading dancers to be paid 1000 francs (40*l.*) each for the same period; while the salaries of the others are fixed at 500 francs or 20*l.* a year. These sums certainly appear rather under the mark, but are worth noticing as contrasting with the exorbitant pretensions of this class of persons at present, with which, absurd as they are, directors are forced to comply by the exigencies of the public.

The opera of H.R.H. the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, *Sainte Claire*, was produced at the Académie Impériale de Musique last night, and without displaying anything at all likely to bestow immortality, contains much that reflects high honour to his taste and musical accomplishments. It was well received by a theatre filled with a very brilliant-looking audience—the Court, and all who aspire to favour in the highest quarters, being present in most imposing array.

Mme. Ristori has quitted us after four months of continued ovation, quite as unexpected by the lady herself as by the public of Paris, who looked for nothing of this kind, and who had scarcely heard her name, save from those who had chanced to witness her performances while travelling in Italy—a fact not a little strange, seeing that the *début* and movements of every singer at the other side of the Alps is constantly placed under our eyes by the Italian journals. This arises from the fact that a singer in Italy has but one object of ambition, that of an engagement in London or Paris; and to procure this, they pay the Milan or Naples journalists regularly to trumpet forth their fame, in the exaggerated manner we constantly find in these mercenary-wretched little papers. These speculations seem, however, confined to the singers and *danzatrici*—for the name of a dramatic artist, whatever be her or his merits, is never by any chance mentioned. Hence the Parisian ignorance of the merits of Adelaide Ristori, and their consequent surprise when her talents burst upon them. His Majesty the Emperor, who seems to make it a point to confine his encouragement as much as possible to French theatrical art, did not honour the Italian theatre until the closing night of her performance, when he took occasion to address to the great tragedian a gracious and handsome letter, through his secretary. It was as follows:—

Madame, — L'Empereur sera charmé de vous entendre Samedi prochain avant votre départ; mais en consentant à recevoir vos adieux, S. M. comme le public Parisien, compte sur une courte absence; et dans les applaudissements qu'elle vous réserve se trouveront, n'en doutez pas, et l'invitation de revenir et l'espérance de vous revoir bientôt.

Je suis heureux, madame, d'être l'interprète de l'Empereur auprès de la grande artiste Italienne devenue Française par nos suffrages unanimes, et je la prie d'agréer l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

Le Secrétaire de l'Empereur, Chef du Cabinet.

MOCQUARD.

This performance took place on the memorable night the Emperor was fired upon at the entrance of the theatre. The day afterwards his Majesty sent the tragedian a magnificent diamond bracelet, on which was engraved "A la grande Tragédienne, Adélaïde Ristori, Napoléon III., Empereur des Français."

Mr. Mitchell, of Bond-street, has favoured us with a treat for which every lover of music in Paris owes him thanks. He has brought from Germany a body of unequalled choristers, consisting of no less than eighty performers, the Choral Society of Cologne. Never was that noblest of instruments, the human voice, heard to more advantage than from this body of true musicians. They sing the compositions of the greatest masters, from Mozart to Mendelssohn, with an *ensemble*, soul, and sweetness of tone, that has enchanted all Paris.

## ITALY.

(FROM OUR ITALIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

The "Cenacolo"—The Brera—The Ambrosian Library—Literature at Milan—Dandolo, Cuntù, Manzoni—Journalism—Obituary of distinguished men—New publications at Florence.

ALL interested in the destinies of Art will rejoice with me at the intelligence given me when I visited the Dominican Convent, now a barrack, and was admitted into the deserted refectory before that presence not to be approached without emotion and delight—the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. The history of this picture, and of the various profanations to which it has been subjected, is well known. First in 1726, then in 1770, it was painted over by mediocre artists, of whom the first, Bellotti, contrived, by audacious fraud, literally to substitute his own work for the original, whilst pretending only to undertake the task of revivifying the parts faded by some secret method of his discovery. But, happily, a process has been found efficacious for completely removing this double coating off the sublime original; and an artist named Barizzi, of Parma, has within the last few weeks accomplished the task assigned him with perfect success; so that what we now see, faded and injured though it is, may at least be regarded with certainty as the unveiled, indubitable, and unmixt work of the great master. Many abrasions, leaving spots of white, many defacements, remain



still, obscuring the beauty of this glorious creation. Among the parts that have most suffered, are the neck, the right hand, and the blue mantle of the principal figure; and almost the entire head of St. John has faded into what seems a shadow—but a shadow of beauty indescribable. The head of St. Thomas, in profile, is one of the best preserved; its shrewd, penetrating expression, so full of eager inquiry and doubt, as the eye is fixed on the Saviour's form, and one finger significantly raised, arrests attention to the striking individuality of this figure. The astute ferocity of the Judas has lost nothing of its intensity. Either Bellotti, or Mazza, the other pseudo-restorer, had smeared the picture over with some composition to receive his own daubing; and, as this addition faded, the ground-work was re-appearing in its original whiteness, gradually peeling off and falling in dust on the floor. How totally the original had been hidden, one may infer from the fact that in all copies, and in the celebrated engraving by Morghen, as well as others, the head of St. Andrew, at one extremity of the table, and that of St. Simon, near the other, are represented with short curled hair; whereas both are now seen to be bald. The bright, cheerful landscape, described through the windows, had been much altered; so also the tapestries, with a red pattern on a green ground, hanging against the lateral walls; and the general tone of the *fondo*, I was assured by an intelligent custode (who resides here), had been essentially changed. Another detail, though trifling itself, is noticeable. The saltcellar spilt near Judas (curious evidence how ancient the belief in that evil augury!) appears in copies overturned in the opposite direction to that where it really lies. The lower parts of all the figures have so suffered, that it was only with an opera-glass I could clearly distinguish either feet or outlines of drapery. How the principal figure has been cut off, by the opening of a door through the wall (a piece of unpardonable Vandalism in the Order which produced Angelica da Fiesole,) is notorious. That door is now walled up, but the attempt has never been made to restore the lower limbs of the figure thus mutilated. The lately-applied process has brought to light, in three lunettes above, the different armorial shields of the Sforza family, supposed to be also by Da Vinci's hand; and at the angles of the wall are portions of a painted frieze, with a fine heads in medallions, probably belonging to a series continued round the refectory. There are two copies of the "Cenacolo" in the Brera Gallery—one in its supposed renovated state; the other in its condition prior to these late restorations; and a third copy in the Ambrosian Museum, including only the upper part. Neither these, nor any engraving I know, give a just idea of the principal head, in its profound but mournful calmness, its divine benignity and sublimity of resignation. Surely, one feels in contemplating it, *such* may have been the aspect of Incarnate Deity when deigning to tread this earth! And nothing could be finer than the contrast between the majestic repose of the Divine Personality, in its mysterious moral isolation, and the variously-expressed agitation, the subdued emotions of wonder, distress, and curiosity in those around—the troubling awe of Mortality before the incomprehensible Infinite.

Commendation may be bestowed on the authorities here, who have done their best to preserve this priceless treasure. Though the convent is now occupied by rough German soldiers, no use is permitted nor entrance allowed to the refectory except for the examining of its pictured walls, which, besides the "Cenacolo," present, at the opposite extremity of the long vaulted room, a large fresco of the Crucifixion, by Montorfani, a complicated composition of much ability, amid whose grouping are the dim remains of two kneeling figures, Ludovico "il Moro," and his Duchess, by Leonardo, in oils; these, though the fresco itself is in good preservation, are almost effaced, and proof of the great artist's mistake in adopting the same material for his masterpiece opposite. The adjoining church, S. Maria delle Grazie, is an interesting example of early Lombardic architecture, and contains on the walls of a chapel a fine series of frescoes of the Passion, by Gaudenzio Ferrari. The interior is majestic, lofty, and sombre. An octagonal tower is crowned by an expansive cupola. The exterior, of brick, has open galleries, with small double columns and round arches, a highly finished frieze of medallion heads alternated with foliage and flowers, superfluous cornices and pilasters—all of terra cotta.

Milan has living artists whose local reputation is considerable; but in the province of sculpture the school is far indeed inferior to that of Rome. Nothing that I see here could be compared, for imagination and feeling, to the best works of Tenerani, Benconi, or others whose position is eminent in that city. Of the several artists engaged for the statues and reliefs on the *Arco della Pace*, begun in 1807 and completed in 1838, Marchesi, Sangiorgio, Cacciatori, and Somaini are still living, attached as counsellors to the Brera Academy. The churches here supply a wealthy field for the study of architecture, painting, and sculpture; but not many possess works of recent origin. The most remarkable are two groups by Marchesi, "The Dead Christ and the Mother, with Mourners and Angels;" and "San Carlo administering the Sacrament to Children" in

S. Carlo Borromeo, the newest and one of the most splendid churches here, built in imitation of the Pantheon, and of proportions not much inferior, an act of thanksgiving for the cessation of cholera in 1838. The Cathedral of Como, a most interesting and curious building (minutely described in Hope's "Architecture"), has a relief by Marchesi that struck me as one of his happiest conceptions—"St. Joseph with the youthful Christ," where is attributed more of the dignity of conscious responsibility to the foster-father, as apprehending the divine character of the reputed son, than commonly expressed in this subject. The statue of Volta, by the same artist, in a piazza of Como, is appropriate. That place is now reached, thanks to the railway, within an hour and a half. Blessings on steam, which thus enables us to exchange the tumult of the sultry city for the enchanting scenery of the Larian Lake, so softly luxuriant, yet of such alpine grandeur! In painting Milan possesses no conspicuous school that can be called its own. Hoyer, of Venice (by whom is a powerful picture in the royal palace at Turin) is President of the Brera, and in his name was issued the other day invitation to a competition, open to all nationalities, instituted by Mylius, an imperial councillor,—the subjects prescribed in this instance, the Baptism of Clorinda, and a Flock of Cattle reposing. The Brera, if as a gallery of painting it must rank lower than those of the Pitti Palace, the Bourbonic Museum, and the Academy of Venice, is yet, considering its recent origin (since 1805), the greatest Italian collection of the present century. Here I found Raphael's "Sposalizio" beset by copyists, and reproduced, with various degrees of ability, in several essays exhibited. It has the vividness of a work fresh from the easel, and in its grouping the distinctness, the graceful simplicity, of a classic relief. Rubens's "Last Supper," with all his power of colouring displayed in it, seems so uninspiringly imagined, so cold and artificial a conception of the subject, compared with Leonardo's! One of the pleasures of the traveller in Italy is to find, in almost every city possessing a gallery of art, the revelations of some genius which, born where its greatest productions have for the most part remained, can only be fully appreciated in the same locality. Had I never visited Milan I should have received no idea of the powers of Procaccini, Crispi, or Luino. By the first of those three—a Bolognese, though classed with the Lombardic school of the 17th century—the "St. Cecilia sinking under her wounds and supported by cherubs," and the "St. Jerome in ecstasy with attendant angels," are among the Brera pictures that most rivet attention, by the intense expression of the immortal triumphing over that which is mortal in our nature. Crispi's picture, with numerous figures, of "Christ swooning under the Cross," is deeply pathetic and touching in awfulness. By this artist, who flourished in the first half of the 17th century, are a multitude of pictures, mostly frescoes, in the churches here, also at the Certosa a few miles from Milan, and the more celebrated Carthusian monastery of Pavia. His energies were great, and his best works are among those that inspire, not only admiration, but thought, carrying the mind down a stream of reflection beyond the limits of the subject actually presented. Bernardino Luino's frescoes and oil-paintings, not only in the Gallery, but in many Milanese churches, display imagination of high order, and an astonishing fecundity. In sacred subjects he has the tenderness and enthusiasm of an earlier school without its ascetic hardness; he seems the reconciler of mediæval feeling with modern science in art. The number of his works in this city is incredible, and it seems to me that confusion may have arisen between the productions of the father and those of the son, as both were artists—Bernardino, born 1460, and Aurelio, who died 1593. The ground-floor of the Brera, though partially occupied by schools of art, is also a barrack. Here, in a great gloomy dormitory, once a church, is inappropriately placed against a pilaster the recumbent statue of Gaston de Foix, from a magnificent monument considered the master-piece of Augustino Busti (called Bambaja, 1470-1550), erected by the French when in possession of Milan, but never finished; the works being ungenerously suspended in 1522 by Francisco Sforza, on his regaining his dominions. The head of this statue is nobly beautiful, thoughtful and melancholy rather than warlike. In the Lapidary Museum, on the same floor, is still unsuitably kept and disadvantageously seen Canova's colossal bronze of Napoleon, intended for the *Arco della Pace*—a heroically beautiful idealisation, not merely a portrait. The curious monument of that tyrant, Bernale Visconti, an equestrian figure full armed, at the summit of a sarcophagus surrounded by sacred reliefs, supported on twelve columns, the whole very rich in chiselled ornament, is here injudiciously placed with the face against the wall, so that only the profile can be seen.

The Ambrosian Library (public from 8 to 3) has received an addition of 43,000 volumes by the testament of the Marquis Fagnini, who died 1843; it has now, therefore, 140,000 volumes, besides 15,000 MSS. Of these latter, and the volumes containing original drawings, the most celebrated are exhibited in glazed cabinets, a system that has its advantages, in allowing them to be at all times examined without risk; but, on the other hand, may be objected to,

because leaving only one, or at most two pages visible. Of the designs by Bramante, we see only one, a classic portal with a pediment, beautifully sketched in sepia; of the volume of his writings, illustrated by Leonardo, only two drawings, giving plans for mechanic inventions; of the correspondence between Lucretia Borgia and Bembo, one letter from that celebrated (perhaps calumniated) lady, finished on the same page in a clear vigorous hand, and signed "Lucretia de Este Borgia." In the select and precious though not large museum here, the cartoon of the "School of Athens" is well preserved; the other sketches by Raphael, Michel Angelo, Da Vinci, and various great masters, a unique collection, occupy almost the entire walls of a long room, none having suffered by time. Here we see the first slightly indicated idea of many majestic groups in the Sistine Chapel, and some of those in the "Transfiguration"—as the possessed boy with his father, both sketched nude, though in the picture fully draped. Here are the profiles in crayons of Ludovico il Moro and his wife, and other portraits in the same material by Leonardo, whose perfect preservation suggests mournful comparison with the decay of his masterpiece at the Dominican convent. There is a single figure by Giorgione—St. Sebastian bound to the tree, with Rome dimly seen in a dark background—which I can never forget; it does not seem merely a soldier bravely prepared to suffer for faith, but the very ideal, the most poetic and most spiritual of enthusiastic martyrdom in the person of innocence and angelic beauty. Four reliefs, mythologic subjects, by Thorwaldsen, have been placed in a room on the ground floor, with an affectingly beautiful little statue by Schadow of Cupid, seated in pensive mood, his quiver and bow lying on the ground. The groups representing the Passion, the most miniature in scale I have seen in sculptured full relief, from the monument of Gaston de Foix, are in the same room.

(To be continued.)

Lord Byron, in speaking of his life, said: "I once attempted to enumerate the happy days I had lived, which might, according to the common use of language, be called happy; I could not make them count more than eleven, and I believe I have a very distinct remembrance of every one. I often ask myself whether between the present time and the day of my death I shall be able to make up the round dozen."

ALBONI AND MADAME GIRARDIN.—As we all know, Alboni is not only celebrated for her beautiful voice, but also for her bodily size. The late Madame Girardin is reported to have uttered the following *bon mot* respecting the great vocalist. "What is Alboni, then?" asked some one, evidently no *habitué* of the opera. "What is she?" replied Madame Girardin, "why, she is an elephant, who has swallowed a nightingale."

GENERAL PELISSIER.—EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER, DATED BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—"I was rather surprised at the appearance of the French Commander of the forces. From his character I expected to have seen a young active man, whereas General Pelissier is an enormously fat man, with very white hair, which is cut very close; he is so fat that he is unable to ride any distance. He was in an open carriage drawn by four greys, and two soldiers as outriders, and an Arab with a white flowing robe followed it. The General was dressed in uniform, with a number of decorations on his breast, and over his shoulders he wore a white cloak somewhat similar to those worn by the Arab chiefs. He is not very tall, and his face has rather a good-humoured expression, and quite different from what your imagination would portray from his history either here or in Africa."

PRAYING MACHINES.—The Rev. R. Clark, in his "Journal of a Missionary Tour in North India," says:—"The whole road up to these (Buddhist) temples was lined with praying machines—not the little ones called Skurries, which are turned in the hand, but great ones, a foot and more in height, which were set on their pivots within the wall, quite close to each other, and which turned round by just touching them, so that the people might pray the whole way up to the temple. These are supposed to contain prayers, which are turned round with the machine, so that the very turning of the latter constitutes the prayer. Another still more curious method they have devised for saying their prayers. Even turning these machines is thought sometimes to be too great a toil, or perhaps it is because they think they do not pray often enough, even when they turn these things all day; and so they have formed a plan by which they may turn both day and night, and that too without any exertion of their own. They have placed a number of the largest of these machines in a little house, and so contrived it that they may all be constantly turned by a watermill, which is moved by the action of a little stream of water, which they have made to flow through the house. A little stick projects from one of the machines, which, every time it turns round, strikes a bell; and so the bell is rung and the machine is turned round unceasingly, without a moment's pause, both day and night. A more ingenious device for escaping an unpleasant duty can hardly be conceived. We afterwards observed whole rows of these praying machines, which were turned by the wind, like windmills."

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

## SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

**THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.**—This yearly scientific gathering took place for the present year at Glasgow, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, and was attended by very many scientific celebrities, both British and foreign.

The practice of appointing a man of high rank, or of considerable personal and political influence, to the post of President of this Association and of our leading scientific societies, is as frequently as it is foolishly sneered and carped at. True, the President may not and most probably does not take high rank, if any rank at all, in the Annals of Science; but his acceptance of an office, which, as a public man, he will certainly fill better than the studious and often reserved and unready disciple of Science, should be reckoned as a graceful recognition of her claims by one of the chief orders of the State, which, lending the weight and sanction of rank to her pursuits, thus gives to scientific men a *status* never to be despised in a highly civilised and ambitious nation.

The President's Address properly consisted of a sketch of the progress of scientific discovery during the past year, prefaced by some allusions to the former meeting at Glasgow in 1840, and a well-merited tribute to the memory of one to whom, of all men, the Laureate's sneer—

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain, An eye well practised in Nature, a spirit bounded and poor—will least apply—Edward Forbes, who has recently passed from among us in the prime of manhood amidst the universal regret of every student of Natural Science, from whom he had won golden opinions, no less for his untiring labours and scientific sagacity than for his genial social qualities, his wit and kindness of heart.

Passing to Astronomical science, the noble President stated as one of the results of Lord Rosse's telescope, that for the first time since the days of Newton a suspicion has arisen in the minds of astronomers that laws other than that of gravitation may bear rule in space; and that the nebular phenomena revealed to us by that telescope must be governed by forces different from those of which we have any knowledge. Paying a passing tribute to the liberalities and labours of Mr. Lassell and of Mr. Nasmyth, in furthering astronomical science, the President quitted this branch of his subject with an allusion to Adams, Leverrier, and Neptune, which threatens to become a "point" in such addresses—a custom which we confess enables us to sympathise with those Athenians who ostracised Aristides.

Geology is next treated of, and its progress for some twenty years. The speaker here took occasion to allude to those vast and profound speculations of the late Edward Forbes, meagre abstracts of which we laid before our readers in the pages of this journal (see *CRITIC* of July 15th and Nov. 1st, 1854). Mr. Hopkins's researches on Dynamical Geology were noticed, and Professor Jas. Forbes's Glacier theory received the presidential sanction, we fear somewhat inopportunistly.

In alluding to the lucid and convincing labours of Professor Owen in Paleontology and Physiology, we are told that the latter has assumed "a new rank in science, leading us up to the very threshold of the deepest mysteries of nature."

The remarks on the advancement of Geographical knowledge refer with a just pride, mingled with a regretful feeling for Franklin and his noble companions, to the settlement of the old and vexed question of a North-West Passage, by the successful termination of Captain McClure's expedition; as well as to explorations of the interior of Africa, which, to us moderns of the 19th century, is even more a *terra incognita* than it was to civilised antiquity. By the way, we are glad to see an announcement of Dr. Barth's safe arrival in good health in London, after a hazardous journey into the interior of Africa, extending over a period of nearly six years, during which time he has accumulated much and valuable geographical knowledge.

Ethnology was next glanced at, and Chemistry served to excuse some complimentary remarks to Baron Liebig and his followers. Statistical science met with its due meed of applause for its economical usefulness to the commonwealth, which justly entitles it to the favourable notice of an influential member of the House of Peers.

His Grace then alluded to the valuable meteorological labours of Lieutenant Maury, of the U.S. navy, which have already shed much light, and promise to afford us still further insight into the complicated laws regulating the seasons; and thence, by a natural transition, spoke of the amount of useful work performed at Kew under the direction of a Committee of this association, in constructing and adjusting thermometers, barometers, and other meteorological instruments—an establishment which is certainly the

most useful result of the Association, and which will bear good fruit in the wide dissemination of known and rigidly accurate instruments whose indications may be completely relied upon both by present and future meteorologists; and which will replace the unproved, uncertain, and wretched apparatus, in the registration of the worthless indications of which so much patient and untiring labour has been uselessly expended. The questions discussed at the Liverpool meeting in connection with the use of iron in ship-building were touched upon, and the President closed this section of his address by an intimation that this subject would be again revived and brought before the meeting by Dr. Scoresby.

The President now addressed himself to the politics of science, and wisely pointed out that the chief object of the Association should be to devise means to facilitate the progress of science. We cannot doubt that this definition of what ought to be the aim of this scientific body will command the general assent of its members, for in the promotion of special discovery, or even of research, the interference of this association is either nugatory in its results, or is attended with the *minimum* of advantage: but its funds and committees may be most usefully employed, and give a sound and constant impetus to science, by collating, tabulating, reducing, and verifying observations in the different departments of knowledge, by making series of observations and researches which require constant and uniform attendance and patient watchfulness—results alone attainable by the employment of a staff of officials; and thus year by year collecting and bringing into an orderly and available state, means and engines of vast power when placed in the hands of the talented and highly cultivated Physicist and Naturalist.

As to the duty of the State to become the primary supporter of Abstract Science, the President dissented from those who hold this to be within the obligations of a Government. He probably, although it was not expressed, entertains a shrewd notion that it would be impossible to exclude influence and jobbery from their wonted action, were the support of the State extended to the pursuits of Abstract Science in the persons of her students—a notion we ourselves entertain—were any systematised aid to be given in this direction; still, we think more might be advantageously done than is done, by giving the Minister greater pecuniary discretion than he now possesses under the jealous nature of our representative system; obliging such grants to be made, and inquiries instituted, under a public representation and requisition of several men eminent alike for scientific acquirements and personal position, whose reputation should be in some measure a guarantee that the object or the person was deserving of encouragement or of aid. The President, indeed, rather inclines to tread the middle way in fostering Abstract Science, and to regard it as an economical question, and here he grants the encouragement of Abstract Science to be both obviously and directly the duty of the State; for, although when any scientific result becomes applicable to the arts, the unfeeling enterprise of the commercial and manufacturing classes takes it up and exhausts every resource of capital and skill in its development, yet, so long as science is purely abstract, it has often to be prosecuted with slender resources, and it then especially requires fostering care and a helping hand. These views are undoubtedly sound; and we are happy to receive this nobleman's assurance that a conviction of this truth is sensibly gaining ground.

In connection with this question the State expenditure in the geological and geographical Surveys of these Islands, the establishment of metropolitan and local museums, and the grant of 1000*l.* devoted through the agency of the Royal Society to purely scientific purposes, were glanced at, and occasion taken to assure the meeting that Lord Palmerston's promise to bring the subject of extended pecuniary aid to the Advancement of Science before Parliament was not lost sight of; nor the often-urged advantage derivable to science from its various departments being gathered beneath one roof and regulated by a common organisation, a scheme more to be desired than likely to be realised.

The next topic of importance touched upon was, the advantages and necessity for securing for Science an established place in general education; and the President warmly advocated the study of abstract science as an essential element in every liberal education, chiefly on the ground of such a course of study proving an instrument of vital benefit in the culture and strengthening of the powers of the mind. We would add to this another advantage, of a lower kind, but useful in its way—that a general acquaintance with science would prevent many men who have received "a liberal education" from displaying an ignorance of natural phenomena and laws so crass, as to lower them greatly in the estimation of men far beneath them in attainments, and which at times, from their social position, may effect great and unthought-of mischief from the ready sneer and ridicule

(who will say undeserved?) the ignorance of the teachers must elicit from those who ought to be taught. In this portion of his discourse the President most justly took occasion to rebuke the impatient incredulity with which scientific men too often receive new and important truths, unless these happen to have been discovered by methods in accordance with previous knowledge and preconceived rules to which they have already given their adherence; and to observe how men have been blinded to every evidence of new truths in self-satisfied contemplation of the few they have already ascertained; whilst that openness and simplicity of mind which is ever ready to entertain a new idea, and not the less willing that it may be suggested by some common and familiar thing, is one of the surest accompaniments of genius. Thence he proceeded to review the educational value of instruction in Physical Science, assigning to it a very high, but no more than its just position; and then concluded one of the best and most elaborate of these inaugural discourses yet delivered by alluding to the evident set of the current of Thought at the present time towards the relations existing between physical and metaphysical science—between knowledge secular and religious; and that there is now felt to exist a relation between the laws which obtain in each, such indeed as we might expect to find in provinces of a universal Empire.

We do not remember a presidential address of the British Association more worthy of commendation than the one of which we have endeavoured to render an abstract. The pervading Scottish *perveridum ingenium* of the address we by no means quarrel with; the feeling and its expression alike were pleasant and graceful in the speaker; whilst the grasp of the several details and the nervous hold of the wide-spread bearings of science in its relations to the commonwealth, have gained for the Noble President the admiration of men, the value of whose suffrages can only be exceeded by the jealousy with which they are rendered.

At the special scientific proceedings of the Association we may glance from time to time; but, as we had reason to anticipate in our last number, there was no discovery of special value or distinction announced; and we confess we are rather pleased than otherwise to find this body confining itself rather to the fostering of scientific researches, and reducing and tabulating observations, than in striving to produce an impression by, at wide intervals, becoming the medium of communicating scientific novelties to the world.

As respects the lesser questions of social intercourse, the wearing down of asperities and angularities, and inter-communication of views and opinions on subjects connected with science, by those who pursue it, be it as workers or as dilettanti, we have never entertained obstinate notions either way, adverse or its reverse; always thinking, indeed, that the advantages of the gathering to the individual depended on himself, and that his mental advancement through such means as this association must depend on his capacity and temperament, whether it be to receive pleasant instruction and gratification, or, on the other hand, to be greedy of applause and intent only on self-glorification.

HERMES.

## THE FORTNIGHT.

The following are among the subjects introduced at the late meeting of the British Association at Glasgow:—

Professor Thomson, in a paper "On the Peristaltic Induction of Electric Currents on Submarine Telegraph Wires," explained that by peristaltic induction he meant that kind of electric action produced by forcing liquid through elastic tubes bound together laterally throughout their lengths by hydrostatic pressure, which would cause them to swell and press against the others, and thus compel the liquid to move in different parts of them in one direction or another. Hydraulic motion, following the same laws as electrical conduction, under certain conditions, would be altogether dependent on hydrostatic pressure and fluid friction. The amount of retardation in electric currents in submarine telegraph wires varied; between Greenwich and Brussels, calculating the distance at 180 miles of submarine wire, it was one-tenth of a second; between Varna and Balaklava it was three-fifths of a second. And for a wire of six times the length (of the same lateral dimensions), such as would be required between this country and America, it would give thirty-six times the retardation or slowness of action; and the only way to carry out successfully the electric cable to America would be by testing these telegraphs, and then by increasing all the dimensions of the wire, in the ratio of the greatest distance to which it is to extend to that for which these experiments have been made.

Mr. Wildman Whitehouse gave the results of experiments made with electric wires of different



lengths, the longest being 1125 miles, not extended, but coiled up, the shortest twenty feet. It was found that the current was a second and a half longer passing through the greater length than the shorter; one-twelfth to one-sixteenth of a second is the time occupied in a 300 mile circuit; one-fourth to one-fifth of a second in one of 900 miles, or at the rate of about 4500 miles in a second, the velocity varying according to the nature of the current—a much higher speed being obtained by the magneto-electric than by the voltaic current; and that opposing currents of electricity gave a greater velocity than a single one. Mr. Whitehouse did not consider it would be of any advantage to enlarge the gauge of the wire according to the distance in submarine telegraphs—these experiments having been made with a wire 4½ inches in circumference.

Mr. Paul Cameron, in a paper on the Deviation of the Compass in Iron Ships, stated that observation and experiment had determined that the magnetic line of ships in the building-yard, when the compass comes to be adjusted, was invariably indicated according to the point of the compass the ship may have been built in; which line is termed the line of no deviation. At a right angle, or 90 degrees from this line, are the points of greatest deviation, and these two points ought to form the groundwork of our reasoning for adjusting the compasses; for the disturbing influence was produced from this magnetic line. The question is, ought adjusting magnets to cross this line? From deviations indicated, one of the magnetic poles is dominant; so that the compass is surrounded by a negative or positive magnetic atmosphere. The object is to restore the equilibrium. This is usually done by placing magnets transversely and parallel to the ship's keel, combined with chain boxes. A magnet placed in a transverse position, if the line of no deviation was east or west, is placed in a natural position, if its pole be reversed to the current; but, if placed parallel to the ship's keel, with the line of no deviation north or south, it is in a natural position if its pole is reversed to the dominant pole of the current. Experience had proved that, with a magnet placed reverse to the deviation indicated, the compasses were adjusted more satisfactorily than by using a combination of magnets. If the disturbing influence can be balanced by placing the magnets parallel to each other, with their poles reversed, and so making the compass indicate correctly, the shipmaster will be in a position to discover the extent of the influence of the magnet on the compass; and in whichever direction the magnet is too strong the compass may be adjusted accordingly; and thus iron ships might soon, he thought, be navigated as safely as wooden vessels.

Dr. Hassell entered at length into the chemistry of the adulteration of food, and showed a fearful catalogue of materials of all kinds used for this purpose; "the majority of the compounds and substances being highly objectionable, on account of the injurious properties possessed by them: they included many of the most poisonous compounds known, as salts of iron, lead, copper, arsenic, mercury, zinc, cocculus indicus, and gamboge." So extensive was this abominable system of adulteration, that it was affirmed by a member present that there were only two articles manufactured for food that were not adulterated, namely, common salt and refined lump sugar. The whole question was one affecting most seriously not only the public health, but the public morals.

Professor Ramsey explained a process for obtaining lithographs by the photographic process. Bitumen, dissolved in sulphuric acid, is poured on an ordinary lithographic stone; the ether evaporates, leaving a thin coating of bitumen—this coating is sensitive. A negative on glass or waxed paper, applied to this sensitive coating, and exposed to the rays of the sun, leaves a faint impression on the bitumen; the stone is now immersed in sulphuric ether, which dissolves instantaneously the bitumen not acted upon by the light leaving a lithographic picture on the undissolved bitumen. The stone may then be placed in the hands of a printer, and any number of copies thrown off. Nothing was more simple than the process, which, moreover, had the advantage of not being liable to any failures. The Professor then entered into a modification of the same process, which had been successfully used in etching plates of copper and steel, without employing the burin.

The Chevalier Claussen, in a paper on "New Materials for Paper Making," referred to the want of material experienced by the makers, and stated that what was wanted was a cheap substitute for rags—a substance with strong fibre, easily bleached, and of which a large supply could be obtained. Flax might replace rags, except for the present high price and scarcity; and by a new process of the Chevalier's, flax-pulp would produce from 12 to 16 per cent. of paper-pulp. Among other materials, hemp produced 25 per cent. of paper-pulp; nettles produce 25 per cent. of beautiful fibre; palm leaves contain from 30 to 40 per cent. Ferns, the inner bark of the lime tree, stalks of beans, peas, hops, buck-wheat, potatoes, and many other plants, contain from 10 to 20 per cent. of fibre, but there was no economical method of preparation. Straws of cereals could only be used when cut unripe, for the knots of the stalks were hardened

by ripening, so as to prevent bleaching. Many grasses contain from 30 to 50 per cent. of fibre, but not strong; ground reeds and canes had also about an equal amount. The wood of conifers gave a large proportion of fibre, but the cost of preparation prevented the use. As none of these materials answered all the conditions, the Chevalier, in his experiments, reverted to the papyrus, which he found to contain about 40 per cent. of strong fibre, well adapted for paper, and easily bleached. The only question that remained was the supply, which was unfortunately deficient; but he found that common rushes contained about 40 per cent. of fibre, equal, if not superior, to the papyrus, easily bleached, and of which there could be obtained always an abundant supply. He therefore considered that this was the only material that answered all the conditions as a substitute for rags.

In the department of statistics, some valuable information was brought forward.—The Rev. Mr. McCullum entered into the subject of juvenile delinquency, its cause and cure; tracing the causes to be parental influence, drunkenness, want of proper lodgings, little pawns—such places giving great facilities for disposal of plunder; shows and minor theatres were also prolific sources of crime; and advancing as remedies, opening public parks, withholding licences from low theatricists, curtailing the sale of spirits, and remodelling the law of little pawns, and procuring proper lodgings; and showing that imprisonment for short periods had entirely failed as a correction.—Mr. McLellan, having turned his attention to reformatory institutions, glanced at those of Europe. Birmingham in 1810 made the first attempt, which was highly successful. The plan adopted by Herr Wichren, of Hamburg, was then detailed. The great aim was to reclaim the children by a combined system of agricultural labour and training, calculated to develop the moral and religious feelings; and for this purpose they are placed in groups under a head, or family father; four hours are devoted each day to school, and six or seven hours to field labour. Music is found an efficient aid in promoting order and cheerfulness. The results obtained show that reformatory institutions should be established in small farms, and that the union of labour with learning is the best system calculated for the reclamation and reform of the majority of the criminal and destitute among the young.

A paper was read by Mr. Simmonds on the statistics of Newspapers. In Great Britain there were 505 newspapers in 1841. The number increased to 1091 in 1851. In 1801, 16,000,000 of newspaper stamps were issued. In 1811, 24½ millions. In 1821, 25 millions. In 1831, 33½ millions. In 1841, upwards of 60 millions. In 1851, nearly 90 millions. And in the present year the returns for the first half-year showed that more than 50 millions of stamps had been issued. The *Times* had made an enormous increase in circulation, having, in 1837 issued 3½ millions; whereas, at the rate for the six months of this year up to June last, the circulation would be upwards of 9 millions for the year.

Mr. Newmarch showed the amount of emigration from the United Kingdom and from France and Germany to America. During the last five years no less than 500,000 persons had emigrated from Europe to America; of these Great Britain furnished 300,000. Now, as this was the increase of population during the same period, it proved that this very increase had actually emigrated, a drain of population affecting the interests of the country. In one sense the emigration from Ireland, which was 60 or 70 per cent. of the total amount, was beneficial to the population at home, as money had been remitted, and a higher rate of wages could now be obtained. In ten years the United States had absorbed 3½ millions of people; it appeared that the German emigration was chiefly owing to the oppressive regulations made as to religious matters. The tide of emigration from this country employed a thousand ships of a total amount of 800,000 tons.

The object of a paper by Mr. Adams, on Artillery and Projectiles, was to call attention to the great importance of the length of bore in proportion to diameter, and that length should be increased rather than diameter, with a view to increased range. The apparent advantages gained by length were greater certainty of aim, greater truth of direction, expansive action of powder, in addition to mere explosive force,—the weight of material affording a better abutment for the powder to act on the shot, and a greater security against vibration. Modern artillery had been shortened for convenience of transport. Cast-iron was not the proper material for cannon, as it could not resist repeated percussive action; for in a 24-pounder the pressure of explosion was 72 tons on each square inch, and, as every charge changed the structure and form, no cast-iron gun could stand more than from 400 to 500 shots. General Benthall, in a paper published in the *Society of Arts Journal*, had proposed fixing guns in steam vessels, and aiming them by steam and rudder power. This plan might be carried out with advantage by fixing very heavy long breech-loading guns at determined angles, length long with the keel, and that the range should be obtained by advancing and retreating.

Sir John Ross brought forward his theory of "Aurora Borealis," namely: "That the phenomena were

occasioned by the action of the sun when below the pole on the surrounding mass of coloured ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole which were before invisible." The phenomena may be artificially produced. In corroboration of this theory, in his last voyage among the numerous icebergs, they were all of a yellowish white, and during the following winter the aurora was exactly the same colour.

Sir R. Murchison, in reference to a communication from the Governor of Australia, stated that, although the population had increased, the produce of gold had decreased. It was a virgin country; the gold lay in great troughs and on the surface, and must sooner or later be exhausted. The Spaniards, seeing it on the surface on their first visit to South America, thought that by mining they would find more; but what was the result? They mined and they were ruined; and hence came the general proverb, that "he who wants to make a fortune will mine for copper; he who wants a moderate fortune will mine for silver; and he who wants to ruin himself, let him mine for gold. It so happened that in most cases deep mining would cost 25s. for every pound's worth of gold.

Mr. Hopkins in a paper "On the Optical Illusion of the Atmospheric Lens, and its effects on celestial bodies," said that the laws relative to atmospheric refraction were still not understood. The atmosphere possessed the ordinary properties of a lens in refracting, reflecting, and augmenting all bodies viewed through it obliquely. Having prepared a table of refractions based upon observations made in the tropics during many years, he found that the maximum of the refracting angle was at the horizon, gradually diminishing to zero at the zenith. It was difficult to determine the actual amount of refraction near the horizon at all times, owing to the variable density of the atmosphere. The sun's apparent diameter throughout the year within the tropics was the same when measured in the zenith; its observed variable diameter was an optical illusion, not owing to variable distances from our globe, and which also did not prove the earth's orbit to be an ellipse; the apparent variable velocity was also produced by atmospheric illusion.

Mr. R. Russell drew attention to the meteorology of the United States and Canada, which was influenced by their physical geography. The Appalachian chain runs parallel with the Atlantic coast from Alabama to Maine, though only from 2000 to 4000 feet in elevation. To the west of this chain lies the vast valley of the Mississippi, which is exposed to the south winds from the Gulf of Mexico. To the west of this great basin the Rocky Mountains stretch from the Arctic regions to the Isthmus of Panama with an almost unbroken elevation of from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and form a barrier to those south winds which generally prevail in Texas throughout the year. The great fertility of the climate of the United States and Canada was to be ascribed to this physical feature of the country—the south wind in winter bringing moisture and mild weather, and in summer intense heat with thunderstorms. The west wind is entirely opposite in character to the south, blowing with intense cold, and often with great violence, over Canada and the United States. An upper west current was prevalent almost the whole year, flowing across the Rocky Mountains. These two winds of such opposite characters were the principal causes affecting the climate of North America; and hence also its great changeableness, to which there was no parallel in Europe.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### PICTURES OF THE WAR.

A SERIES of Photographic Pictures, taken in the Crimea by Mr. Roger Fenton, on view at the Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall, brings the localities and personages about which the interest of Europe is now concentrated before our eyes with all the force of reality. Some of the distant views of Sebastopol and of the harbour and vicinity of Balaklava are peculiarly happy, as results of the photographic process. The portraits of Pelissier, Bosquet, and of many of our own officers, some of whom, alas! have fallen since these pictures were taken, will be viewed with lively interest. The council of war held at Lord Raglan's head-quarters the morning of the successful attack on the Mamelon, and comprising the portraits of Lord Raglan, Marshal Pelissier, and Omar Pasha, is a little historical picture, such as has seldom been drawn. It is no imagining of a painter, but the veritable physiognomies of these three notabilities on this memorable day, which we have before us. Pelissier looks firm and decisive, Omar Pasha regards him with a sharp and inquiring glance, Raglan seems mild and subdued.

### PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE unprecedented collection of works of modern painters, engravers, and sculptors now assembled on the banks of the Seine, has afforded for months past abundant material for comment and speculation to the French critics. What a medley of opinions have they not produced, as our old friend Jenkinson ob-

serves in the matter of the Whistonian controversy. Now that the first bewilderment, occasioned by being thrown suddenly into such a novel and heterogeneous assemblage, has a little worn off, it is time for us to offer a few reflections on the subject. One point is clearly established, that, while all the Continental schools of art have more or less an affinity with each other, and with the French as the grand centre of all, the British school stands alone, the perfectly unique and original growth of this our far island of the West. As to the nature and degree of our merits opinions are, of course, much more divided. The taste in art which prevails on the other side of the water is so different from our own, that it was impossible for Frenchmen at first, and will be for some time to come impossible for them fully to appreciate those qualities which we estimate the highest. The same may be said of the judgments which we may form of the Continental works. It is true that we have all equally the works of the ancients, the great painters of Italy, Spain, Flanders, and Holland, to refer to as common standards of excellence. But most of the modern schools have wandered so far from these models, and are impregnated with feelings so different, that such reference cannot be much relied on.

The first thing that strikes an English eye on entering any of the saloons devoted to France, or indeed to any of the foreign schools, is the excessive coldness of colour which prevails. Livid, lurid, bilious, ghastly—these are the appellations which naturally present themselves to the mind; every pencil seems to have been dipped in mud, and ink appears to be the prevailing medium. Go into the hall of Ingres, and you are positively frozen; nor is it until you have been thoroughly cooled down to an Arctic temperature, that you have a chance of appreciating the severe and Spartan character of the painter who is assumed to stand at the head of the French school. Try the more popular *salon* of M. Horace Vernet; and again the eye has to do penance amidst a congeries of jarring blues and tawny yellows, unrelieved, unharmonised by a single ray of warm colour. If you turn to M. Delacroix, whose reputation rests principally upon his merits as a colourist, you do indeed find the proscribed colour—red—abundantly introduced; but his works are less harmonious and self-consistent than those of the painters who manage to do without it. Among the landscapeists, M. Corot paints with pure mud; and most of the others seem to use it more or less largely, communicating thereby a vague haziness to their works, oppressive and dismal to behold.

Among the Belgians there is more variety and warmth of colour; but a general tendency exists to overshadow everything with black—it is painting in mourning. If after this excursion we enter suddenly the English gallery, the change is like that from a hospital to a room filled with healthy and cheerful men; from a region of November fogs to a land of spring and a genial climate; from a thick and asphyxiating atmosphere to one of pure oxygen. We describe accurately our sensations during our early visits to the Palais des Beaux Arts. Subsequently we became acclimated, and found much to admire, where we had at the first view been shocked and repelled.

Our remarks will be understood to be made subject to some exceptions. The French have at least one excellent colourist, M. Couture, whose great picture of the "Romans of the Decadence" is worthy of the old Venetian school; while his "Falconer" recalls the warm flesh tones of our own Reynolds. M. Decamps principally deals in black and white; but, by a treatment of them like that of Rembrandt, he extracts rich sunny effects. Some of the genre painters, likewise, are skilful in the use of cheerful colours; though with a certain sobriety in their application which shows the influence of the school to which they belong.

This deficiency in agreeable colour, and even the presence of that which is positively disagreeable, goes back to the days of Poussin and Lesueur. It is a quality which must, we think, for ever be a bar to the universal popularity of the higher works of French art. The engravings, however, of these pictures get rid of the defect, and are much better than the pictures themselves. Those who are desirous of appreciating M. Ingres would do well to study his works through this medium. It seems, at first sight, extraordinary that this puritan, drab-loving nation of ours should be the only one which has retained in art the taste for harmonious and cheerful combinations of colour. The faculty seems innate, and appears to belong to all our artists without exception, though in different degrees. In the works of Millais it seems to reach its climax, and to appear in its purest and most poetical character—it is the music of colour which we find in his pictures; while those of the French generally may be described as producing an effect analogous to groans, sighs, and shrieks. This is no fanciful illustration, but a real analogy. Music, the poetry of sound, is produced by combinations of the pure and simple tones of the scale. The ordinary sounds of speech and other unmusical noises arise from the fusion of many notes. They correspond to the neutrals and greys of a painter. A monotonous dwelling upon one or two tones, deep or shrill as the case may be, produces a groan or a shriek; it is a sound which we cannot hear with indifference; it is actually productive of painful sensa-

tions; and such effects have we experienced from not a few of the most notable works of modern French art. Let any one go into the hall of French painters at the Louvre, particularly after spending an hour among the old masters, and watch his sensations. The English painters, on the other hand, may be unimpassioned, they may deal in drabs and neutrals, but the very coldest of them has something jovial and healthy about him. On reflection one sees in this something analogous to the national temperament. The Englishman, in fact, is far from being now, if indeed he ever was, the spleenful animal which he appears in old French traditions. The very word spleen has almost vanished from our language in the sense in which our neighbours apply it to us. The love of colour is also the love of nature, for it is she who furnishes us with flowers, the human face, the rainbow, the butterfly; and the English school is essentially a naturalistic one, while the French seems to be the offspring of theories, traditions, academies. Even their landscape painters have no eye for the finer touches of nature's pencil, and present for the most part the vaguest generalities. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur stands perhaps alone as a veritable copyist of reality, belonging to no school; the pupil of nature and her own genius.

To the French must be conceded the merit of excellent drawing, and of great variety in choice of subject. A certain vastness of conception also belongs to them, which makes the works of our own school appear little and limited beside them. All these qualities, however, are compatible with emptiness of interest; indeed, the larger and more pretentious the work, the more it stands in danger of becoming vapid. The sense of this has, perhaps, driven some painters of no ordinary power to adopt a minute, almost microscopic style—M. Meissonier, for instance, who produces a really noble picture in the compass of a duodecimo page.

The works of M. Horace Veret have, as far as the drawing and grouping is concerned, a certain monotony of excellence, which ends in giving you the idea of a picture produced by machinery. The fine-studied outline of M. Ingres, which the more you look at the more faultless it appears, produces after all an impression of unimpeachable correctness rather than beauty.

Of rather more than 5000 works of art exhibited at the Palais des Beaux Arts, about 2700 belong to France, about 800 to Great Britain, and 250 to Belgium. The rest are contributed by the various states of Europe, the United States, Mexico and Peru send a few, even Greece and Turkey are represented. Of Russian art alone no specimen is to be seen.

Of all the schools the Belgian seems the nearest akin to our own. It may be better seen here than at the Antwerp Exhibition, of which we lately gave some account. The names of most note are those of Leys and Lies as painters of mediæval character and costume, of Alfred Stevens and Willems as genre painters, and Joseph Stevens, who may be called an animal genre painter.

The Dutch have a few tolerable landscapes and sea-pieces, and one or two good interiors of buildings and domestic scenes. But these works are but faint reflections of their earlier glories.

The various schools of Germany are but imperfectly represented. A few cartoons of Cornelius and W. Kaulbach give but a limited idea of the powers of these masters. The picture of Christ predicting the fall of Jerusalem, by Begas, from its detestable colour, is less impressive than the well-known engraving taken from it.

Switzerland produces several excellent painters, who have found inspiration in the lakes and valleys of their own country.

Spain shines principally in portraiture; those of M. Madrazo are stamped with a certain originality of treatment, though not perhaps very refined. As for Austria, she cuts the poorest figure of any European state; and as a general rule we may observe that the social and political characters of the several states are plainly marked in their works. France is feverishly energetic and aspiring; England shows a concentrated vigour of thought and much physical contentment; Belgium is gloomily industrious, not happy one would think, yet conscientiously devoted to the matter in hand, whatever it may be; Holland torpid and content with moderate competence; Spain coarse in feeling, but with reminiscences of aristocratic grandeur; Prussia weak in purpose, half philosophical, half religious; Switzerland free from care; America undeveloped; Austria doting and childish, and moreover given to appropriate that which is not her own; for the best works which she claims are by her Italian subjects.

Notwithstanding the size and general excellence of the exhibition, several marked desiderata occur. M. Paul Delaroche appears not at all; the names of Overbeck, Schnorr, and Schadow, are wanting from the German list; the representation of the English landscape school could not be considered complete in the absence of the names of Sydney Percy and Bodington; and, as the rules of the exhibition prohibit the introduction of works by deceased artists, our neighbours still remain unacquainted with Turner and Eddy.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. NOBLE's statue of the Duke of Wellington, executed for the Court of East India Proprietors, has been erected in the Court Room in Leadenhall-street.—*Aris's Gazette* says, that Mr. Hollins, the sculptor of the Peel statue, still remains 1000*l.* out of pocket.—Mr. Moxon and Dr. Beattie, co-executors for the poet Campbell's monument in Westminster Abbey, have contradicted the report set on foot by the *Athenæum*, alleging that the British nation had accepted the monument for the adornment of one of its loftiest places without fair payment.—The *Builder* proposes to roof London houses with glass, and form them into gardens, smoking-rooms, or observatories. He declares glass roofs would be warmer and more air tight than those of tiles or slates.—The Charity Commissioners propose to remove the pictures in Dulwich Gallery to the National Gallery.—The drawing for the prizes of the Glasgow Art Union took place on Thursday-week, in the Merchant House-hall there. Principal Macfarlan, who occupied the chair, stated that the number of subscribers, which a few years ago was only 2000 or 3000, was now upwards of 17,000 being an increase on last year of 7000. The association had purchased as prizes above 160 paintings, valued from 400*l.* to 4*l.*, some of which were inferior to few works of art of modern times. The report of the committee intimated that, in addition to the prize paintings, about 50 bronzes and 50 statuettes would be distributed, as also 1000 copies of a chromo-lithograph fac-simile of a painting by Gilbert, of "Spanish Peasants going to Market." Next year the subscribers will be offered an engraving of Macclise's admired painting of "Noah's Sacrifice."—Mr. Carmichael, the marine painter, has been to the Baltic in search of stirring subjects for his pencil, and has brought home sketches for one important work at least.—Says the *Athenæum*, on one of the hilly moorland meadows, not far from St. Austle Bay, commanding one of those views of rock and valley scenery at once soft and wild, which are peculiar to Cornwall, a piece of work is in quiet progress, under a shed, which the autumn tourists and excursion-makers visit. This is the gradual reduction into shape and polish of the huge block of Cornish porphyry which is to serve as sarcophagus for the remains of the Duke of Wellington. This enormous stone—weighing seventy tons when it was originally detached, and wrought on the spot where it was formed—is of a grain so impenetrable as almost to defy the cutter's craft. The sawing of it into two halves was a long and painful task, and the two men now employed in hollowing it out seem given up to the most slow-going task conceivable at the time present—since more than two cannot work, and the impression made by their picks in the huge mass is a thing to be measured from week to week, not day to day. There is ten months' more work to be done ere the adamant rock will be shaped and smoothed into the required form. The colour is of an intense deep grey, mottled with black and pale buff, and streaked with veins of white.—The chief picture of the Gotha Exhibition has an English subject, "Elizabeth receiving the Proof of the Execution of Mary Stuart."—Prof. von Kaulbach has almost finished his large fresco-painting, "Die Hunnen-schlacht," in one of the saloons of the new Museum at Berlin.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

##### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. CHARLES BRAHAM has been engaged at the Italian Opera, Lisbon, as *primo tenore assoluto*.—Two opera parties—one headed by Madame Thillon, the other by Mlle. Nau—are now making the circuit of our provinces.—M. Halle intends to give up Manchester as a residence in favour of the metropolis.

Rachel has made her *début* at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, and was very well received by a crowded house.—A new three-act drama, *Maitre Favilla*, by Madame Dudevant, has just been produced at the Odéon Theatre. It has succeeded.—Madame Erard has addressed the following letter to the Prince Napoleon: "Paris, Sept. 18, 1855.—To his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon.—Monseigneur: In order to contribute to the solace of the army in the East, I beg you to deign to accept the grand piano in the style of Louis XIV., adorned with paintings and with gilt bronze, that figures at my exhibition in the nave. Beautiful as this instrument is, the last conception of my husband's, I regret, Monseigneur, that it is not still more so for so noble a destination!"—*Le Nord*, the Russian organ published at Brussels, says, in a correspondence from St. Petersburg, that the theatres of the Empire (closed during the last half-year) were to have been reopened on the 13th of September, the name-day of the Emperor. Also, that the large theatre of Moscow (burnt down in 1853, and now, after its restoration, said to be the largest in Europe) is among the number.—The *Moniteur* has announced the arrival in Paris of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, to direct the execution of an opera, called *Sainte Claire*, and which is his Highness's own composition. The piece was to be performed at the Grand Opera on Friday, under the direction of the Duke

himself, at same direc the high t termed sovereign amount, i alone of a

THE WA late Mr. Early Life of James News, a weeks ag Reporter, papers: 51st year the Stamp instead of paying pr M. Freisa recently from the of the ol gantly b of the I of the Un direction New York rich Islan the Hon. have just the "Pils the Rev. Presbyter the size o is nicely tured from of illustra and faces types, but which con type. On the wages by the pr about 4*d.*

Mr. Th Octob on the Fo Dr. Barth diction, b of the ent from Euro appointed —Since time ago, to Robert Richards the dispos might be for a site. gestion i Parry, M Resident mingham Resident Queen's I University Medical offered a history of Isabella-gian Aca the best francs. to the a national the Baro bookselle rupts, a examina ing from ruptcy. to have l to unsec rity, 157 at 710*l.* i joint spe entry a Magazin and Oak Wilks, I Gough-a the book borne by head ap graphical proprie Jeanit," other sn cluding Choos 850*l.* T were sta



himself, and underwent a general rehearsal under the same direction, and in presence of the Imperial Court, the high functionaries, &c. The Emperor seems determined to act the generous host to his brother sovereign. The expense of the representation will amount, it is said, to 100,000*fr.*, and one costume alone of a *figurante* costs 600*fr.*

### LITERARY NEWS.

THE Watt Club of Greenock is about to publish the late Mr. Williamson's "Memorials of the Lineage, Early Life, Education, and Development of the genius of James Watt."—The *Midland Counties Illustrated News*, a newspaper started in Birmingham a few weeks ago, price twopenny; the *Hull Tuesday Reporter*, one of the recently established penny newspapers; the *Belfast Commercial Chronicle*, in the 51st year of its age, which had, since the reduction of the Stamp Duty, tried its fortune as a cheap daily instead of a thrice-a-week journal at the average paying price, have all been recently discontinued.—M. Freisalik, librarian of the Vienna University, has recently discovered a manuscript copy, dating from the second half of the fifteenth century, of the old poem the "Niebelungen."—Four elegantly bound volumes of Schoolcraft's "History of the Indian Tribes," illustrated by S. Eastman of the United States Army, and compiled under the direction of the Indian Bureau, have been prepared at New York, for presentation to the King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha IV., through his minister, the Hon. M. Lee.—The *Fife Herald* says: "We have just received, from a friend in China, a copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' translated into Chinese by the Rev. W. C. Burns, missionary of the English Presbyterian Church at Amoy. It is something near the size of demy 8vo., about half an inch thick, and is nicely printed on smooth yellow paper manufactured from rice-straw. It is embellished by a number of illustrations, remarkably well executed; the figures and faces are quite Chinese. It is not printed with types, but each page is engraved on wooden blocks, which come to form a cheap and convenient stereotype. On account of the mass of population in China, the wages are extremely low, and this is evidenced by the price of this book, which, we understand, costs about 4*d.* per copy."

Mr. Thackeray will sail for New York on the 13th of October, to commence his new course of Lectures on the Four Georges.—The reports of the loss of Dr. Barth in Central Africa have received a contradiction, by the arrival at Marseilles, on Saturday last, of the enterprising traveller himself, after an absence from Europe of six years.—Mr. Sylvester has been appointed to the Mathematical Chair at Woolwich.—Since the commemoration, mentioned a short time ago, at which the desirableness of a monument to Robert Nicoll was the subject of conversation, Col. Richardson Robertson, of Tulliebelton, has placed at the disposal of the committee any spot of ground that might be thought suitable on the Tulliebelton estate for a site. A meeting is to be held to carry the suggestion into effect.—The Rev. Edward St. John Parry, M.A., Balliol College, Oxon, has been elected Resident Warden of the Queen's College, Birmingham.—The Rev. Burford Gibson has been elected Resident Mathematical Professor and Chaplain of the Queen's Hospital.—Dr. Jordan, Gold Medallist at the University of London, has been re-elected Resident Medical Tutor.—The King of the Belgians has offered a prize of 3000 francs to the author of the best history of the reign of the Archduke Albert and Isabella.—The late Baron Stassart has left the Belgian Academy 2260 francs a year to found a prize for the best biography of a gold medal worth 600 francs. A second prize of 3000 francs is to be given to the author of the best work on some point of national history. The first biography is to be that of the Baron himself.—Messrs. Partridge and Oakley, booksellers, of Paternoster-row, have become bankrupts, and Thursday was the meeting for the last examination. The accounts are voluminous, extending from the 1st of November, 1853, to the bankruptcy. At the former period the bankrupts appear to have been in a deficiency of 4367*l.* They now owe to unsecured creditors 16,454*l.*; to those holding security, 1579*l.*; liabilities, 1751*l.* The assets are stated at 710*l.* in good debts, 1260*l.* in property, and 350*l.* in joint speculations. In an explanatory note of this entry appears the following statement: "Tait's Magazine.—This magazine is carried on by Partridge and Oakley, as proprietors of two shares; W. W. Wilks, Fleet-street, one share; and E. Young, Gough-square, one share. The loss appearing on the books to June is 51*l.* 5*s.*, and is to be equally borne by the respective partners." Under the same head appeared entries with reference to the "Biographical Magazine" (of which the bankrupts were proprietors of one-sixth share), the "Female Jesuit," the "Protestant World," and some other small publications. Works in progress (including the "Popish Controversy," and "How to Choose a Wife"), 119*l.*; securities held by creditors, 850*l.* The profits, during one year and nine months, were stated at 1980*l.*; losses, 6341*l.*; trade expenses,

2921*l.*; law costs, 264*l.*; drawn out by Partridge, 590*l.*; by Oakley, 729*l.*; by a former partner, 120*l.* The loss of 6341*l.* comprised an item of 3857*l.* as loss on the realisation of the property under the petition; 1452*l.* on the disposal of a printing-office in Oxford-mews; and 437*l.* on various small publications. Amongst the unsecured creditors there is one for 6150*l.*; three for above 1000*l.* each; the rest are nearly all for small sums, from 1*l.* or 2*l.* upwards. The list includes the following singular entry: "Mother of twenty children, 1*l.*" The following institutions are also entered as creditors for various small sums: Borough-road school, Calvin Translation Society, Evangelical Tract Association, Irish Church Mission, British and Foreign Bible Society, Protestant Malta College, Night Refuge, Ragged School Union, Highland Emigration Society, Emigration Fund, Deaconess's Institution, Society for Female Penitents, Tuscan Christians, Samaritans at Nailon, Protestants at Newivica, New Church at Lyons, City Mission, Aged Pilgrims, Protestant Ministry, London Jews' Society, London Missionary Society, British Missions, Female Refuge, Colonial Society, Ragged School (Thirk), Sick and Wounded in the East, Patagonian Mission, Protestant Hospital (Genoa), Hungary Lyceum, Distressed Jews, Distress in Silesia, Pera Convalescent Institution, Religious Tract Society, Sabbath Committee. After some amendments in the balance sheet, the bankrupts were allowed to pass.

At the meeting of the Court of Common Council last week, a melancholy report was given of the fate of the Gerard's Hall crypt, for the preservation of which so many efforts have been made.—It is notified by the authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, that a special class is to be formed for these students who may aspire to serve in the Royal Artillery and Engineers. Two reverend gentlemen—Messrs. Galbraith and Houghton—have been appointed examiners.—The duty at the Post-office in St. Martin's le-Grand is daily increasing. Monday was the heaviest day ever known in the establishment. A mail from Australia, in addition to the usual amount of continental and provincial correspondence, was brought in, which mail, besides letters, contained 720,000 newspapers. The result of this was that the ordinary morning dispatch was delayed upwards of an hour, and it was some time after that before the sorters could leave the office.—A movement is in progress amongst the most influential of the English Jews for the establishment of a college for the education of members of the ancient faith in London. With a view of obtaining degrees in the London University, attendance on the classical classes of University College is to be part of the scheme.—At a public meeting at Cheltenham a motion was made, and seconded by the Rev. Messrs. Bromby and Dobson, that the Public Libraries Act of last session should be adopted in the borough. General Laurie proposed, as an amendment, that the question be postponed until the conclusion of the war. This was seconded by Mr. E. H. Lingwood. After considerable discussion the question was put, and the original resolution was declared to be lost, two-thirds of the ratepayers not voting in its favour, as required by the act.

The annual meeting of American men of science has just taken place at Providence.—According to the *Leeds Mercury*, Colonel Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of ancient Babylon an extensive library—not, indeed, printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks, containing many and voluminous treatises on astronomy, mathematics, ethnology, and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treatises contain facts and arguments which, in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of the sciences to which they relate, and indeed on almost every branch of learning, and which throw great light upon Biblical history and criticism, and the history of our race.—The Emperor Napoleon received a deputation from the members of the Society of Arts, now in Paris, on Sunday week at the Palace of St. Cloud. In an address to the Emperor the deputation say:—"In accordance with the recommendations of his Royal Highness the Prince Albert, our illustrious President, who founded the Exhibition of 1851, in whose success our Society took a deep interest, we have visited this magnificent city to judge for ourselves of the effects of such displays of industry in accelerating the progress of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, as also carefully to inspect those splendid public works which adorn the capital of France, and reflect a lustre on your Majesty's name that will be as lasting as themselves. Since our arrival we have regarded with feelings of admiration and delight the manifold features of this great Exhibition. We rejoice to be enabled to express our decided opinion that the contents of its several compartments afford the most convincing evidence of the marked and rapid progress which has taken place in Arts and Manufactures during the last four years. The sublime conception of inviting all nations to contend in friendly rivalry with each other for the promotion of the material welfare of mankind is fully developed and once more realised in the French Universal Exhibition. This grand display of the vast and varied results of genius and industry assures us that the waste of war will be in

some measure compensated, and that beneath the peaceful banners of an onward civilisation the nations of the West will achieve victories not less glorious than those which, under Providence, the justice of their cause and their own enduring bravery have won for their united arms. While the impulses thus given to the cultivation of the arts of peace has multiplied the relations and strengthened the bond of union between France and England, their political alliance, consecrated by the blood of the bravest and noblest of their sons, has ripened into the cordial sympathy of national friendship. That blood has not been shed in vain, for we hold it as our deepest conviction that the solidarity of France and England is the one sure guarantee for the conservation and advancement of the civilisation of the world. And we further believe that they may best promote their mutual prosperity by a freer interchange of the products of industry, and consolidate their alliance by uniting their exertions to give a wider development to Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, whose progress it is the special object of our Society to advance."

### DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

SADLER'S WELLS.—*The Tempest.*  
THE ART OF PUFFERY.

MR. PHELPS, following the Shaksperian bent of his management, has produced *The Tempest* with great care and with some success. So far as the capabilities of this extraordinary play for stage illustration go, they are fully developed by the Sadler's Wells Company; but the result is more curious than pleasing, and the success depends rather upon the art of the scene-painter than upon the manner in which the spiritual creations which support the motive action of the piece are rendered. To Mr. Fenton, the scene-painter, the largest meed of praise is most justly due. Mr. Phelps was, of course, Prospero; Mr. Barrett (who is, by the bye, one of the raciest and most talented artists upon the stage) made an excellent Caliban; Mr. Robinson makes a graceful Ferdinand; and Miss Hughes, by graceful gesture and melodious voice, went a long way towards realising the impalpable Ariel, that rider on "the curl'd clouds."

How much has been written about the spirit of puffery, and yet how inexhaustible does the subject seem! How infinite its variety! How it hides in corners, and appears from the most secret and unexpected places; stares out boldly from shop-fronts and peeps from behind chapel doors; and now one of the latest acquisitions to its wide-spread reign has been the manager's green-room. It seems utterly impossible to produce anything upon the stage, from a play of Shakspeare to a modern pantomime, without sounding all the brazen trumpets of the press, plastering over the walls with placarded abominations which offend every law of grammar and sense of decency, and exhausting all those other means of arresting public attention which are so thoroughly known to the successful student of the art of puffery.

Here is Mr. Anderson, for instance; he cannot even get through an evening's juggling without cramming more *canards* down the public throat than would make the fortune of a Parisian penny-a-liner. Long before the doors of the Lyceum admitted an expectant public to the *Delassements Mariques*, the walls of the neighbourhood were placarded with a magnificent offer of FIVE POUNDS REWARD, for the discovery of the ruffian who had dared to commit a most heinous offence. What was his offence, think ye? Why, he had actually torn down one of Professor Anderson's monster placards. Owing, probably, to the defective state of our police system, the desperate miscreant has as yet evaded detection, and the five pounds blood-money is yet to be earned. By-and-by, the opening night came; and not only on that, but on subsequent occasions, the proceedings commenced with a very warm little scene of altercation between the Professor and some persons at the back of the pit, who professed to be unable to obtain room. This pleasant episode generally lasts about five minutes, and it is so skilfully managed that it invariably results in creating within the minds of the general audience a feeling of sympathy with the Wizard, and a determination to stand by him, come what may. Presently there appears in the neighbourhood of the theatre a bill offering ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD to whoever will render up the name and residence of a young lady (whose green bonnet Mr. Anderson had crumpled up and returned again) to a devoted admirer who signs himself Sir Charles S—, who refers to a romantic incident which happened at Chalons-sur-Somme, and wishes all communications to be addressed to his solicitors, Messrs. Boone and Crewick, Copthall-court, City. Oddly enough, there are no such names in the law-list; an omission which leads us to suppose that it is just possible for the name of the baronet to be unknown to the otherwise accurate Burke. Then comes a placarded protest of some unfortunate gentleman who has applied six times to gain admittance at the Lyceum, but in vain; six times has he found the pit filled to overflowing, and six times has he been baffled in his dearest hopes. Then the whole neighbourhood is an-

noyed with a very brilliant and intermittent electric light from the summit of the Lyceum—having no other effect than that of frightening horses; then the whole neighbourhood is deluged with a flood of bills, hand-bills, placards, pictures, and boards, setting forth the wonders of Professor Anderson's entertainment, and the beauties of his personal appearance; even an autograph letter from Colonel Anson, thanking Mr. Anderson, by command of her Majesty, for his performance at Balmoral, is framed outside the theatre. But softly, the reader will say, are all these things to be classed in the same category? Is the FIVE POUNDS REWARD a myth? the ONE THOUSAND ditto a phantom of the brain? Is the amorous Sir Charles a mere piece of comedy, and the Cophall Court firm a work of the imagination? Once, and again, we reply yes. All these, and the young lady in the green bonnet, and the man who can't find room into the bargain, are as pure and unmistakable pieces of humbug as any one of those juggling tricks with which Mr. Anderson cheats the senses of his audience. It is my firm belief that the Wizard could produce every one of them from that wonderful portfolio of his which contains such multifarious effects.

Another admirable specimen of the "puff pretentious" will be found in the magniloquent announcement of the "Grand original and historical Egyptian drama," to be produced this very day at Drury-lane Theatre. This magnificent combination of dramatic talent with historic lore is from the pen of E. Fitzball, Esq.—a poet whose fame has hitherto rested upon what is commonly known as the Victoria or Cobourg style of drama. Mr. E. T. Smith deems it incumbent upon him to inform the world that he has "spared neither trouble nor expenditure in order to present a strictly accurate picture of the regal and domestic history, habits, manners, and customs of that extraordinary nation in the Pharaonic period, and to reproduce, as far as possible, in scenic accessories, those colossal masses of granite and porphyry, and those gigantic statues, whose enormous dimensions, overwhelmed by the shocks of nature or the fury of the elements, have been scattered, in ages past, over regions at present inaccessible, or buried deep beneath those arid and burning sands which have been at once their tomb and their protection." How Mr. Smith can manage to reproduce what has been "overwhelmed by the shocks of nature," and "scattered over regions inaccessible," is not very intelligible, until we find that his consultations of Herodotus, Denon, Wilkinson, and the libraries of the British and Imperial Museums at London and Paris, together with other authorities, have assisted him in the matter; not to mention the aid of a mysterious individual yclept Dykwyntin, who has been prevailed upon to give his superintendence to the undertaking. No expense has been spared; the idols are all bran new; and the "incidental dances" of the Egyptian Court have been arranged by Madame Louise (doubtless some veteran *danseuse*, whose experiences include hazy memories of "the Pharaonic period"), assisted by Miss Smith, Miss Brown, and four and twenty other celebrities of the British ballet. This is certainly a curious blending of Clio with Terpsichore. I entertain very little doubt that, as a stage spectacle, the exhibition of blue fire, paste-board idols and the like, this piece (of which Nitocris, one of the Queens of Egypt, is the heroine), will be perfectly successful; but I cannot help thinking that its chances would have been equally great without all this bombastic nonsense in the advertisement.

Here again are those "remarkable human phenomena, the African twins," also the property of Mr. E. T. Smith. Property did I say? They are free, free as air. Their exhibition of themselves is one of those sublime self-sacrifices which make us proud of mankind, and raise to an infinite extent our opinion of human nature. These unfortunate little monstrosities being orphans, and having been "legally apprenticed to Mr. Thompson by the Orphan Court of Philadelphia," are being exhibited in order that funds may be raised "for the purpose of emancipating the parents of the children, who are at this moment slaves on a North American plantation." These are curiosities with a vengeance; for they are the orphans of living parents. But enough of humbug. We could pursue the subject *usque ad nauseam* (both of ourselves and our readers), and go no further for our matter than the theatrical advertisements in a daily paper.

JACQUES.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## GLACIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—Having long since become a convert to Professor Forbes's theory and explanation of the motion of glaciers, I take the liberty of addressing a few observations to you on the subject (although the Professor is much more capable of defending his own opinions than I am), in consequence of the remarks in your last number of the CRITIC.

There are some points in this controversy which appear to me to have been entirely overlooked by Mr. Moseley. I fully admit that the analogy between pitch, sealing-wax, &c., and ice, under varying de-

grees of temperature, as to plasticity, does not exist, and is therefore an unhappy one; but that the plasticity of glacier ice, or the movement between its particles, does exist, is quite certain. In this respect glacier-ice is totally unlike ice found on the surface of water, which will be at once seen by a careful examination of the two kinds of ice. The snow-formed ice of a glacier, which passes from snow into *nivé*, or snow-ice, and ultimately into true ice, is made up of a conglomeration of smaller particles or crystalline forms, capable of moving upon one another at a temperature of 32° F. when lubricated by water, which is then flowing from and between their surfaces. The temperature of the bottom of a glacier in contact with the earth is probably always at 32° F. throughout the year; for water never ceases to flow from its lower extremity—the quantity of course varying with the seasons and the atmospheric influences upon the upper surface of the glacier. Ice must be a bad conductor of heat, and that of a glacier still more so, from its composition and greater opacity. The effect of a low temperature in winter would probably not produce so much depression on the glacier itself as on the surrounding rocks, &c., which are better conductors of heat; the return of summer heat in liquefying the surface of the glacier, and the consequent percolation of this water from above to below, as is proved by the increased flow of water at the bottom at this season, must very soon reduce the whole mass of ice to one nearly uniform temperature throughout, i. e. 32° F. It is quite impossible that any daily change of temperature in a glacier should take place, below the most superficial depth of its surface; for ice, and glacier-ice in particular, is a worse conductor of heat than rock or the earth. To what depth will any one night's frost penetrate the latter even? And all the warmth of the sun or rain during the day must be immediately absorbed (on the latent heat principle) in converting the surface of the glacier into water, to find its way down to the bottom, and not in raising the temperature of the glacier itself, as Mr. M. supposes, which never can be above 32°, nor much below it, while it continues to supply water. Even the winter temperature of the upper surface of a glacier—and this will be greatly protected by fresh fallen snow—will not be reduced to any very great degree, and to only a few feet below the surface at the utmost. This is also proved by the continued though slower motion of this *plastic* body in the winter as well as in the summer. From these and other circumstances, it is probable that the temperature of a glacier in the summer, night and day, never varies from about 32°; and in the winter it is only a few feet of its upper surface which is much reduced below this. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Dial House, Hove, Brighton, EDW. TOTBILL.  
Sept. 17.

## OBITUARY.

GILLY, Rev. Dr. W. Stephen, on the 10th inst., the author of "Researches among the Vauds," the "Life of Felix Neff," and other works of a more strictly professional character. Dr. Gilly was educated at Christ's Hospital, in London, and at Catherine Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1812. He died incumbent of Norham-on-the-Tweed, and a prebendary of Durham. His publication on the Vauds gave rise to a public subscription on their behalf, which realised more than 6500*l*.

JOHNSTON, Prof., at Durham. He was born at Paisley, somewhere about the year 1796, as we find stated in the *Durham Chronicle*, and from which we gather the following further particulars of his career. From this town he was transferred, whilst very young, to Manchester, where his father continued to reside for a few years, but afterwards returned to Scotland, and settled at Kilmarnock. He entered the University of Glasgow, supporting himself for some time by private tuition. In 1825, he opened a school at Durham, and in the year 1830 married one of the daughters of the late Thomas Ridley, Esq., of Park End. Thus possessed of a competent income, he resolved to gratify a taste for chemistry which had now acquired predominance, and for this purpose he chose Berzelius as his preceptor, and visited Sweden to study under that celebrated man. Upon the foundation of the Durham University in 1833, the Readership in Chemistry and Mineralogy was bestowed upon Mr. Johnston; and this appointment was retained until the period of his decease. Except during term time, however, he continued to reside in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh; and, in the year 1843 he was elected chemist to the Agricultural Society of Scotland. When the society was dissolved, he made Durham his domicile. Most of his substantive productions relate to the chemistry of agriculture. Without enumerating them fully, we may refer to the "Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," and to the "Catechism" of the same sciences, as the more celebrated of his works in this department. Of the latter thirty-three editions have been published in this country alone. It has been translated into nearly every language of Europe, and has been sown broadcast in America. Rarely, perhaps, has a scientific man travelled so far or so rapidly. Amongst his less professional productions the "Notes on North America" should be mentioned with respect. But the most attractive of his compositions is "The Chemistry of Common Life." It is also the most recent. In addition to these publications, the Professor contributed occasionally to the *Edinburgh Review*, and frequently to *Blackwood's Magazine*. Prof. Johnston's last illness was somewhat rapid, and his death many unexpected. He had been on the Continent for several months, and was about to return to England, when he caught cold, but without apprehending any serious results. Scarcely, however, had he reached Durham when symptoms of hæmorrhage in the lungs appeared; and he died Sept. 18, 1855, at the age of 59.

MAELZEL, M., at Vienna, the maker of several celebrated automata. His "Panharmonica," composed of an orchestra of forty-two automaton musicians—who executed with perfect precision the overtures of Don Giovanni, of Mozart; of Iphigenie en Aulide, of Gluck; and of the Vestale, of Spontini; as well as a number of airs from various operas—was long exhibited in the principal cities of Europe. This ingenious piece of mechanism, which was first exhibited in Paris in 1807, is now at Boston, in the United States.

RIBEX, Mrs., at her residence in Newtown, Sydney, on the 30th May last. She was formerly known as "Margaret Catchpole," and the subject of the popular work by the Rev. R. Cobbold.

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 MILE, and RHUBARB PILLS, as effectual cure of indigestion, all stomach complaints, and liver troubles. In cases of constipation these pills never fail in producing a healthy and permanent action of the bowels, so that in a short time aperients will not be required; and, being quite as innocent as castor oil, they may be given to children. Prepared by TWINBROW, Operative and Dispensing Chemist, 2, Edwards-street, Portman-square, London; and may be had of all other Patent Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom (Scott, Thomson, and Co., Calcutta; Roberts and Co., Paris; Pickson and Co., Boulogne).

**BEAUTIFUL CLEAN LINEN.**—W. G. NIXEY'S CHEMICAL EXTRACT OF FULLER'S EARTH saves soap and labour, the hands from chapping, and the linen from destruction. Sold by Grocers, Chemists, and Oilmen in packets 6d. each.

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 CORAZZA SHIRTS.—Important improvements having been made in these celebrated shirts, gentlemen are solicited to suspend their orders against better they have seen them. For ease, elegance, and durability, they have no rival. 31s. 6d. and 42s. the half-dozen. Prospectuses, drawings, and directions for measurement, gratis and post free.—RODGERS and BOURNE, Improved Shirtmakers, 59, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross; established 60 years.

**IMPROVED COLOURED SHIRTS,** in all the new patterns, ready made to order in a choice of 200 new designs, 20s. and 26s. the half-dozen. Illustrated price lists, with patterns for selection, post free, from two stamps.—RODGERS and BOURNE, Improved Shirtmakers, 59, St. Martin's-lane, Charing-cross; established 60 years.

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 CLOTHING, BABY LINEN, and WEDDING OUTFITS. The Favourite Chemise, good quality, 2s. each; French back Night-dress, feathered frills, 3s. 9d.; Tucked Drawers, 1s. 9d.; Girls' Long-cloth Chemises, in seven sizes, 7d. to 16d.; Girls' Tucked Drawers, four sizes, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d.; Girls' Frilled Night-gowns, five sizes, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 9d.; Boys' Longcloth Drawers, three sizes, 10d., 10½d., 11d.

**BABY LINEN.**—Bereau-net, trimmed, 18s., 23s., 30s.; Baskets, trimmed, 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.; Lawn Shirts, 9d. to 1s. 6d.; Lawn Night-caps, 8d. to 2s.; Night-gowns, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.; Monthly Gowns, 2s. 6d. to 6s.; Babies' Cloaks, 10s. to 30s.; Hoods, 2s. 6d. to 6d.; Satin Hats and Bonnets, 4s. to 10s. 6d.

For WEDDING OUTFITS, handsomely trimmed Chemises, viz. Clarendon, Eva, Madeline, Duchesse, Royal, &c., 4s. 6d. to 11s. 6d. each; ditto Night Dresses, Tavistock, Edith, Douro, Eugenie, Sutherland, and others, 5s. 6d. to 17s. 6d. each. All to be had of the best materials, fashion, and needwork. Detailed Price Lists by post.

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 CHANTS, SHIPPERS, OUTFITTERS, &c.—Whereas it has lately come to my knowledge, that some unprincipled persons or persons have, for some time past, been imposing upon the public by selling to the trade and others a spurious article, under the name of BOND'S PERMANENT MARKING INK. This is to give Notice, that I am the original and sole Proprietor and Manufacturer of the said Article, and do not employ any traveller, or authorize any person to represent himself as coming from my Establishment for the purpose of selling the said ink.

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Fiddle Pattern. Strongest Fiddle Pattern. Thread King's Thread. Fiddle Pattern. Strongest Fiddle Pattern. Thread King's Thread.

Table Forks... 1 10 0 — 2 0 0 ... 2 16 0 ... 3 4 0  
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**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS** effectual in the CURE OF SCROFULA.—Copy of a letter from Mr. Campbell of Hastings, to Professor Holloway:—"Sir, I am happy to bear witness to the wonderful efficacy of your medicines in cases of Scrofula. A friend of mine was severely afflicted with this complaint for several years; indeed, so bad that several experienced surgeons said he was incurable. After all hopes of recovery a friend persuaded him to try your medicines, and the consequence was that he has now entirely got rid of his complaint."—Sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the world; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 24, Strand, London, and 90, Maiden-lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Gurdley, Smyrna; and H. Hoods, Malta.

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**GODFREY'S EXTRACT OF ELDER** FLOWERS is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying, and Preserving the Skin, and giving it a blooming and cheerful appearance, being at once a most fragrant perfume and delicate cosmetic. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its balsamic and healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, scurf, &c.; clear it from every humor, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful. In the process of shaving it is invaluable, as it soothes the every-rough and all roughness, and thus affords great comfort if applied to the face during the prevalence of cold easterly winds.

Sold in bottles, price 2s. 9d., with directions for using it, by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

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**NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS** are confidently recommended as a simple but certain Remedy, to all who suffer from Indigestion, Sick Headaches, Biliousness, and Liver Complaints, Heartburn, and Acidity of the Stomach, Depressed Spirits, Disturbed Sleep, Violent Palpitations, Spasms, General Debility, Costiveness, &c. They act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient; are mild in their operation, and under any circumstances, and Thousands of Persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, in every Town in the Kingdom.

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**KNOW THYSELF.**—The secret art of discovering the true CHARACTER OF INDIVIDUALS, from the peculiarities of their HANDWRITING, has long been practised by MARIE COUPELLE, with astonishing success. Her startling delineations are both full and detailed, differing from anything hitherto attempted. All persons wishing to "know themselves," or any friend in whom they are interested, must send a specimen of their writing, stating sex and age, enclosing 13 penny post stamps, to Miss Coupele, 69, Castle-street, Oxford-street, London, and they will receive, in a few days, a minute detail of the mental and moral qualities, talents, tastes, affections, virtues, &c., of the writer, with many other things hitherto unsuspected. "I am pleased with the accurate description you have given of myself"—Miss Jones. "My friends pronounce it to be faithful."—Mr. C. Gordon. "Your skill is certainly wonderful."—Mr. G. Gadsby.

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**INSANITY.—ABINGTON ABBEY** RETREAT, near Northampton.—This Establishment is conducted by Dr. PRICHARD, formerly Medical Superintendent of the Glasgow Royal Asylum, and is intended for the reception of Patients of both sexes labouring under Mental Derangement. Dr. PRICHARD is resident.

**MEDICAL REFORM MOVEMENT.**—Sufferers from Indigestion, and its train of kindred disorders, are invited to send their address to the Secretary of the Nottingham Medical Reform Association, who will forward by return of post the singularly successful Botanic Remedy recently discovered by Professor Webster (son of the distinguished Statesman), of Philadelphia, and communicated to the Society by that eminent Botanist. The extraordinary benefits already derived from this remedy in the Midland Counties, and in almost every case where it has been tried, has induced the Society to adopt this method as the best means of immediate and general publicity; and they wish it to be frankly and distinctly understood, that they will not, in any case, or under any circumstances, however, accept any contribution, as, or gratuity, for this Remedy, the object of the Society being to demonstrate the superiority of the Botanic over every other Practice of Medicine, and in return only desire that those who may be signally benefited by it, will afterwards send to the Society a statement of the case, and thus aid with facts in accelerating the progress of the movement in favour of Medical Reform.—Direct thus: The Secretary of the Botanic Institute, Hounds Gate, Nottingham—enclosing an envelope addressed to yourself.

**SISAL CIGARS! SISAL CIGARS!!** at GOODRICH'S CIGAR, TOBACCO, and SNUFF STORES (established 1780), 416, Oxford-street, London, nearly opposite Hanway-street.—Box, containing 14 fine Sisal Cigars, for 1s. 9d.; post-free, 27 stamps. None are genuine unless signed "H. N. GOODRICH."

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"I beg to inclose you a post-office order for 1s. 6d. for bacon; the quality is very excellent, and quite to my taste."

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This celebrated Bacon is sold by the side and half-side, at 9d. per lb.; the middle piece of 12lbs. at 10d.

Bacon, Hams, Tongues, German Sausages, Cheese, Butter, &c., securely packed for travelling, and delivered free of charge, at all the London Terminals.

List of prices free. See also daily papers. Post-office Orders to be made payable at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Prepayment is requested where a reference is sent with the order for goods.

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**THE BEST FOOD FOR CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND OTHERS.—ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY** for making Superior Barley Water in Fifteen Minutes, is not only obtained at the patronage of His Majesty and the Royal Family, but has become of general use to every class of the community, and is acknowledged to stand unrivalled as an eminently pure, nutritious, and light food for Infants and Invalids; much approved for making a delicious Custard Pudding, and excellent for thickening Broths or Soups.

**ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS** for more than thirty years have been held in constant and increasing public estimation as the purest farina of the oat, and as the best and most valuable preparation for making a pure and delicate Gruel, which forms a light and nutritious soup for the aged, is a popular recipe for colds and influenza, is of general use in the sick chamber, and alternately with the Patent Barley, is an excellent food for Infants and Children.

Prepared only by the Patentees, ROBINSON, BELLVILLE, and Co., Purveyors to the Queen, 64, Red Lion-street, Holborn, London.

The proprietors of Robinson's Patent Barley and Patent Groats, desire that the public shall at all times purchase these preparations from a perfectly sweet and fresh condition, respectfully inform the public that every packet is now completely enveloped in the purest Tin Foil, over which is the usual and well-known paper wrapper.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and others in Town and Country, in Packets of 6d. and 1s.; and Family Canisters, at 2s., 3s., and 10s. each.

**ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.**

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT, And Strongly Recommended by the Medical Profession.

**TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, AND FAMILIES.**—The important object, so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. and C. ADNAM, Patentees, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their Improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

To enumerate the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obliterated, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom. It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children; and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.

The Barley, being prepared by a similar process, is as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening soups, &c.

A report having been circulated that preparations of so white a character could not be produced from Groats and Barley alone, the Patentees have had recourse to the highest authority, viz., A. S. TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., &c., for an analysis to establish the fact, a copy of which is subjoined:—

"Chemical Laboratory, Guy's Hospital, February 19, 1855."

"I have submitted to a microscopical and chemical examination the samples of Barley-meal and Groats which you have forwarded to me, and I beg to inform you that I find in them only those principles which are found in good Barley; there is no mineral or other impurity present, and from the result of my investigation, I believe them to be genuine and of the highest nutritive properties assigned by the late Dr. Pereira to this description of food."

(Signed) A. S. TAYLOR.

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CAUTION.—To prevent error, the Public are requested to observe that each Package bears the Signature of the PATENTERS, J. and C. ADNAM.

To be obtained Wholesale at the Manufactory, Maiden-lane, Queen-street, London; and Retail in Packets and Canisters, at 6d. and 1s. each and in Canisters for Families at 2s., 3s., and 10s. each of all respectable Grocers, Druggists, &c. in Town and Country.

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G. LONG, 114, High Holborn; and all Chemists and Perfumers.

**CHOLERAIC SYMPTOMS, Diarrhoea, Bowel Complaint, Sickness, Pains in the Stomach, &c., cured by LONG'S CORDIAL.** Sold in bottles, 1s. each, by G. LONG, 114, High Holborn, London; and may be obtained of all Medicine Vendors in town and country.

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**BALDNESS PREVENTED** by using CHILD'S FRICTION HAIR BRUSH. They stimulate the skin of the head; the more the head is brushed the more healthy will be the skin and its functions, thereby strengthening the growth of the hair.—To be had of all Perfumers and Brush Dealers, and wholesale at the factory, 21, Providence-row, Finsbury; and retail, South Gallery, Crystal Palace.

**THESE PILLS** are not vainly offered to the public attention, like most others, as the grand panacea, possessing the magical power of dispelling every disease that flesh is heir to, but as a sovereign preventive of bilious complaints, and an infallible remedy for every disorder arising from that source. Prepared by T. COCKING, Chemist and Druggist, 19, Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street.

**GLORIOSA, for the Growth of Hair.**—This extraordinary preparation is recommended to the nobility for its extraordinary properties in restoring the hair to its colour, and giving it a permanent brilliancy. One bottle is sufficient to ensure the public patronage. Price 1s. Prepared by T. COCKING, Chemist and Druggist, 19, Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square. Barclay and Co., Farringdon-street.

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Price 2s. per Package, through all Druggists and Perfumers, or sent post free on receipt of 24 penny stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 69, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.

**IF YOUR HAIR IS GREY OR RED** use ROSALIE COUPELLE'S PURE INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE, universally acknowledged as the only perfect one, and infinitely superior to the numerous discoloured lotions, which smel horribly, burn the hair, and leave an unsightly tinge.

Price 3s. 6d., and four times the quantity at 10s. 6d. per bottle, through all Chemists, &c., or sent free secure from observation for 52 postage stamps, by ROSALIE COUPELLE, 69, Castle-street, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London.

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